

Sixtynine


ENIGMATICAL
Characters,
ALL

Very exactly drawn to
the Life.

From several } Persons,
 } Humours,
 } Dispositions.

PLEASANT

And full of
Rich. Flecknoe
D"ELIGHT.



The second Edition by the Au-
thor R.F. Esquire.

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2. D. B.
Aug. 13
To her Highness

BEATRIX

Dutchess of Lorein.

Madam,

TO whom should I De-
dicate these Chara-
cters but only to your
Highness from whom I've tane
all the most Noble and Excel-
lent; besides Madam, I ow no^r
only to your Highness the deli-
cious leisure I had in writing
them. But if I seem to surpass
mediocrity, and approach
somewhat nigh perfection, that
Madam, I ow unto your High-
ness too, mediocrity in perfe-
ction being never where you
are; nor can one think of any
thing but excellent beholding

A 2

you;

*you; owing this Work then to
your Highness by so many
names; Permit me I beseech
you, Madam, with all Humili-
ty to offer at your feet, together
with myself, with the Protesta-
tion of being all my Life,*

Madam,

*Your Highnesses most
humble, most obli-
ged, and most devoted;*

Rich. Fleckno.

To the Courteous Reader.

TIs you'l dull *Reader*, and pre-occupied judgement; not your *curious* and those have judgements of their own, whom I apprehend in publishing these *Characters*, made lately, with all the advantages and helps, *noblest*, *company*, *divertisements*, and *accommodation* could afford, to quicken the *wit*, heighten the *fancy*, and *delight* the mind, whose main design is (as you'l perceive) to honour *Nobility*, praise *Vertue*, tax *Vice*, laugh at *folly*, and pittie *Ignorance*. And what wouldst thou give for the *Key* now of these *Characters*? but prithy don't break the *lock*, with tampering to pick it open. To prevent which violence, know that for all the more noble ones, the persons I intend by them are easily to be known (they being so extraordinary rare,

To the Reader.

they are almost singular in their kind) but for the other, it will be harder to know, whom I mean in *particular*, though easier in *general*, they being so numerous and ordinary, as each one in their own knowledges, and imagination may find out a *Key* for them, though a hundred to one, not the same I intended in making them. Judge freely then, so thou expose not me to the envy of it, nor obligation to answer for't if thou judge amiss; and as thou desirest to have a favourable *Character* made of thee, give a favourable one of these *Characters* of mine.

To

To his worthy Friend Mr.
Richard Fleckno, upon
his *Characters*.

Fleckno, thy Characters are
so full of wit
And fancy, as each word is
throng'd with it,
Each line's a Volume, and who
reads would swear,
Whole Libraries were in each
Character:
Nor Arrows in a quiver struck,
nor yet
Lights in the Starry Skies are
thicker set,
Nor Quills upon the Armed
Porcupine,
Than Wit and Fancy in this Work
of thine.

W. NEWCASTLE.

On the same Characters.

Fleckno, who reads thy Characters will find,
That they not only entertain the
mind,
But with the mind, even every
sense has part,
Being like rich Cordials to rejoice
the heart,
Or moved air that Musick does
excite,
With numerous sounds to give the
ear delight,
Or odoriferous Essences that
gain
A gentle passage to refresh the
brain;
Whilest they with such variety
are drest,
As every Pallat finds a plen-
teous feast:
And th' sighing Lover does refuse
to look
On's Mistress Eyes, when he
beholds thy Book.

W. NEWCASTLE.

Enigmatical Characters.

CHARACTER.

Of a Lady of excellent Conversation.

NOu would not only imagine all the *Muses*, but all the *Graces* were in her too, whilst for *matter*, *words*, and *manner* she is all that is delightful in Conversation; her *matter* not stale and studied, but resent and occasional; not stiff, but ductile and pliable to the company; high not soaring, familiar not low, profound not obscure; and the more sublime the more intelligible and conspicuous. Her *Words* not too scanty, nor too wide, but just fitted to her *matter*, not intricately involving, but clearly unfolding and explicating the notions of her mind. In *Manner*, Majestick, not imperious, conversation that's a *Tyranny*, with others be-

ing a *Common-wealth* with her, where every ones discourse and opinions are free; she never contradicting, but when any speak impertinently, only blushing for them, and saying no more: (a greater reprehension to those, who understand blushing, than can be exprest in words,) Having too much reason to call passion to her aid, and disdaining to use force and violence (the ordinary Arms of falshood) to defend the Truth, so if you yield not, she does rather than contend, leaving you the shame of a *victory*, when with more honour, you might have yielded and been overcome: Nor does she rashly take up Argument, and abruptly lay it down again, but handsomly assume it, delightfully continue it, and like an *Air in musick*, just then, when the ear expects, it comes unto a close: All in her being sweet, delightful and har-

monious, even to the very Tone and Accent of her voice, it being more *musick* to hear her speak than others sing. Then she's withal so easie Company, and far from all constraint, as 'tis pleasure to be in it; whilst others like uneasie garments, you cannot stir in without pain, which renders her conversation far cheartfuller than theirs who laugh more, but smile less, spending more spirits with straining for an hours mirth than they can recover in a month again; which renders them so unequal company, whilst she is alwayes equal and the same. True joy being a constant serious thing, as far different from light and gigling mirth, as *Elemental* fire from *squibs* and *Crackers*; whence she *Prometheus*-like inspire all who converse with her, with noble flame and spirit, none ever departing from her company but wiser and far better than they

Enigmatical

they came. It being *virtue* to know her, *wisdom* to converse with her, *refinement* breeding to observe her, *joy* to behold her, and a *species* of the beatitude of t^o other life, only to enjoy her Conversation in this.

CHARACTER.

Of one that is the foyle of good Conversation.

HE is t^o others *Antipodes*, and of a quite contrary *Hemisphere*: his *matter* or some stale common places, like cold meat grown nauseous with often repetition; or else some new whimsies of his own, like *French quelque choses*, with no substance at all in them: his *words* are low, and creeping (the very *reptils* of a language) or so affectedly high and ramping, as if *Eloquence* stalkt and went on *stilts*: his *manner* e-
very

very wayes ungrateful, in a tone
harsh and untunable; with tem-
pests in his mouth, and Light-
ning in his eyes, whilst he strains
his voice to speak loudest in the
company, and heats and grows
red-hot presently, by force of
Argument: impatient of contra-
diction, and contradicting every
one; so obstinate in his opinion,
as *Faith* that removes mountains,
can never remove him from't:
whence he frights all from his
conversation; their words (just
as in an enemies Country, in gar-
rison, daring not to stir out for
fear of a surprize) 'Tis a Tyran-
ny then to converse with him,
none but slaves and parasites
would endure (content to swal-
low his words whilst they feed on
him) whose enduring it, makes
him so intolerable to all besides,
so as the wise avoid his company
(just as they would savage Beasts
tam'd, who unless you sooth and
humour

humour them, are apt on every light occasion to start and break out to their native savageness) not alwayes to be in fear of such an Accident, and sick of his conversation; has neither wit for discourse, breeding for civility, understanding to know it, nor patience to learn; but by pride, obstinacy and presumption is forfeited to perpetual folly and ignorance.

CHARACTER.

Of an excellent Companion.

HE is the life and spirit of the Company, that pines and droops without him, animating all with chearfulness, and is like sparkling liquor to your dull companion, that's only dregs and lees; his presence chases melancholy, as the Sun does clouds, and 'tis impossible to be sad in his

his company ; He differs from the Buffoon, as an excellent Comedy does from the Farse, being pure wit, t'other but foolery : He is never dry nor pumping, but alwayes full and flowing ; his returns and *reparties* so quick, apposite and gentile, 'tis pleasure to observe, how handsomly he acquits himself ; mean time he is neither scurrilous nor profane, but a good man as well as a good companion ; and so far a good fellow too, as he'll take a chearful glass or two (your fine edged knives alwayes needing the whetstone most) whilst taking too many, is like whetting the edge quite away : he is the only exorcist for the melancholly Devil of the times ; and I imagine him just like David playing to Saul, and they just like Saul persecuting him : He seeming to your men of business to confer but little to the seriouiser part of life ; yet he whets

whets the knife of the serious man, and is to business as *music* to *devotion*, apting and disposing the mind to it afterwards, though for the present delightfully, diverting it. In fine, he owes much of his good humour to his complexion, but much more to his company (alwayes the best and noblest) so he may be poor, but never want, or if he do, it is the fault of the times, and none of his, of which when he meets with a favourable conjunction, he is most commonly the Artisan of his own fortune, making himself (with a little industry) a far better than others are born unto, being the darling of all your great ones, and nobler sort, the favourite of Kings, and companion for any Prince.

CHARACTER.

Of one that Zany's the good Companion.

HE is a wit of an under Regi-
on, grossly imitating on the
lower rope, what t'other does
neatly on the higher; and is only
for the laughter of the vulgar;
whilst your wiser and better sort
can scarcely smile at him: He
talks nothing but kennel-raked
stuff, and his discourse is rather
like fruit tane up rotten from the
ground, than freshly gathered
from the Tree. He is so far from a
courtly wit, as his breeding
seems only to have been i'th' Su-
burbs; or at best, he seems only
graduated good company in a
Tavern (the Bedlam of wits)
where men are mad rather than
merry; here one breaking a jest
on the Drawer, or a Candlestick;
there

there another repeating the old end of a Play, or some bawdy song; this speaking bilk, that nonsense, whilst all with loud houting and laughter confound the *Fidlers* noise, who may well be call'd a noise indeed, for no *Musick* can be heard for them; so whilst he utters nothing but old stories, long since laugh'd chide-bare, or some stale jest broken twenty times before: His mirth compared with theirs, new and at first hand, is just like *Brokers* ware in comparison with *Mer-cers*, or *Long-lane* compar'd unto *Cheapside*: his wit being rather the *Hog's-heads* than his own, favouring more of *Heidelberg* than of *Hellion*, and he rather a drunken than a good companion.

CHA:

CHARACTER.

Of one that imitates the good companion another way.

HE is on, who now the stage
is down acts the Parasites
part at Table; and since Taylors
death, none can play Moscos part
so well as he: he is always for him
who has best Wine and Fare
(Body and Soul and all) and
sooths and humours them, e-
ven to be of the same opinion
and Religion with them (right
or wrong,) mean time although
he be specially devoted to the
Patron; he praises the Cook,
shakes the Butler by the hand,
and is familiar with all the waiters
and Serving-men; calling one Fa-
ther, adopting another Son, as they
are of Age, or Office in the house;
though he be as pernicious in a
Family, as Moaths, Cankers, or
poy-

Poyson, to mettle, cloaths, or health; corrupting his Patrons manners to render them more like his own, and im poisoning their ears with calumnying other men, only to ingross them wholly to himself: Meantime he is so ill natured, as to serve his end he will fawn on his deadliest enemies; and those once served abuse his dearest friends; equally treacherous both to friend and enemy; for the rest, although with the ignorant, he pass for a good companion, 'tis no pure wit he utters, but only a mingly of clenches, quibbles, and such half-witted stuff he (at best) being rather a *pump* of others jests, conceits and stories, than a *Fountain* of his own; so he is presently drawn dry (after a meal or two) when his mirth failing and waxing stale he is forced to fall to plain flattery, or they grow weary of him strait, as of dead wine, pot-
tage

tage cold, or meat served up to the Table, more than once.

CHARACTER.

Of an irresolute Person.

HE hovers in his choice, like an empty ballance with no weight of judgement to incline him to either scale; he dodges with those he meets, nor he can ever resolve which way to let them pass: every thing he thinks on, is matter of deliberation, and he does nothing readily, but what he thinks not on: discourse that helps others out of *laborinths*, is a *laborinth* to him; and he of all creatures would be far wiser, if he had none at all: he begins nothing without deliberation; and when he begins to deliberate, never makes an end. Has some dull demon cries, *do not, do not still*, when he's on point of doing
any

any thing, which he obeys as a divine Revelation: He plays at *shall I, shall I?* so long, till opportunity be past, and then as he did the fault, repents at leisure. He is enemy to Resolution, or rather as Resolution were enemy to him, his heart fails him; and like a coward he turns back presently, at sight of it: He still misliking the present choice of things as *Scogan* did his Tree to hang on: He could never Bet at Cocking nor Horse-race yet, because the battel or race was alwayes done, or he could deliberate which side to take, and he is only happy in this, that his irresolution hinders him from marrying and entring into Bonds: Nor is't (perhaps) the least part of his happiness to be as long in chusing his Religion now, amongst so many new Sects that sprout up every day; though 'tis thought he is a *Quaker*; and if he be superstitious withal, he is
in

in for his wits, and next news
you hear from him will be from
Bedlam.

CHARACTER.

Of a fantastick Lady.

HER life is a perpetual contra-
diction, she would and she
would not, and make ready the
Coach, yet let it alone too; drive to
such a place, yet do not neither; is
her ordinary dialect: she differs
from the irresolute, in that he is al-
wayes beginning, and she never
makes an end; she writes and
blots out again, whilst he deli-
berates what to write: t'one be-
ing a resty, t'other a restless pain:
so you can tell what to make of
t'one Negative, and how two Ne-
gatives make an Affirmative; but
of her *I & no* together, you know
not what to make, but only that
she knows not what to make of it
her

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gatives make an Affirmative; but
of her *I & no* together, you know
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she knows not what to make of it
her

her self. Her head is just like a Mill, or Squirrels cage, and her mind the Squirrel that turns and whirls it round, and her imagination differs from others, as your *Grotesque* figures do from natural and from *grotesque*; In that these have some design in them, but her imagination has none: She never looking towards the end, but only the beginning of things; or if she does, forgets or disapproves it strait: For she will call in all hast for one, and have nothing to say to him when he is come; and long (nay dye) for some *tay* or *trifle*, which having once, she grows weary of presently, and throws away. In fine, who are of one mind to day, and another to morrow, are constant to her, and *Saturns* revolution compared unto the *Moons*; For you know not where to have her a moment, and whosoever would hit her thoughts must shoot flying;

ing; and flie themselves whosoever would follow her.

CHARACTER.

Of a Greensickness Girl.

She is like a mouse in a Holland Cheese, her house and diet all the same: whence the more she spends in her house, the worse house she keeps, the walls being both her Kitchen and Larder too, of which she eats so long, as she fulfils the old proverb at last, *The weakest go to the walls*: For which should they accuse her of *Burglary*, she has this commodity, she could never be starv'd in Prison, but whilst some eat themselves into Prison, she (by the *Estridge* help) might eat her self out again: She is a great benefactrix to *Masons*, who where they find her are sure to find work enough, and her zeal is so great, she has a

P.B. 36 mind

mind to the Church-walls too, where she might sooner eat up all the ten Commandments, by breaking her fast, than break the Commandments of the Church: no Nunnery would hold her, but she'd break inclosure presently, though for strictness of diet, (however she eat white-meats) she'd put down any *Minime* or *Carthusian*; for a peck of Oats would serve her a week at least, whence you are not to wonder if in questioning her you find her somewhat meal-mouthed in answering you. By her complexion, she seems rather made of chalk or marle, than that red earth *Adam* was made of; though she be so meager a soil, she grows never the fatter by it; yet one knows not what a good Husbandman may do; for they say a good Husband would remedy all; but he must take her on credit then, both for beauty

beauty and good House-wivery; few else would venture on her complexion, and such a quality, as if she hold on as she begins, she soon would eat her husband out of house and home: Only a Millar would take her with all faults, she being much of his complexion, and for her diet 'twould be at others charge, rather than his own; neither are the walls of his Wind-mill comprized in her Bill of Fare.

CHARACTER.

Of a talkative Lady.

HEr tongue runs round like a wheel, one spোক after another, there is no end of it: she makes more noise and jangling than the Bells on the fifth of November, or a Coronation day; such a wife for Moroso had far surpass all

the variety of noises invented for tormenting him; and would make a husband wish that either she were dumb, or he were deaf: You would wonder at her matter to hear her talk, and would admire her talk, when you heard her matter; but considering both together, would admire; nor wonder at neither, but only exclaim with him, who plum'd the Nightingal, *she is a voice and nothing else*, for 'tis nothing but noise she makes, and 'tis the labour of her tongue not brain; whence you would only wonder how that holds out, but for that it moves with as great facility, as leaves wag when they are shaken with the wind (give her tongue breath, and it will never lie still) or rather indeed as *Atomes* move its air, for 'tis quite unhung, and neither depends on nerve nor imagination; there being as much difference betwixt a voluble

ble tongue and hers, as betwixt an excellent vaulter moves artfully, and one who art-lessly precipitates himself: all the wonder is, whilst she speaks only *Truims*, how she makes so many different ends hold together (the composition of a Taylors Cushion, all of shreds, being nothing to the wonder of it) but for that she cares not; all her care being only for some to hear her talk (whom she must hire shortly, none certainly else would undergo the noise and vexation) meantime an engine with so constant a motion as her tongue would be far better than any murmuring Fountain, or purling Brook to make one sleep, and she wants only the faculty of talking in her sleep her self, to make the perpetual motion with her tongue.

CHARACTER.
Of a Taciturn Person.

HE is the contrary Extremity, and knows as little to speak as t'other to hold her peace. Fryer *Bacons* brazen head was a talkative one to his; and there is nothing so phlegmatique as his discourse; you might have patience as well to tend a *Still*, that drops but once a quarter, as to attend his speech; the counting whose words, and a *Dutch* clock, is an Exercise much alike: The wheels of his tongue, are like those of a rusty Jack, that ever an anon (for want of oyling) are at a stand. He is like *Pharasis* picture, all *Curtain*, and who think there's ought else under it, like *Zeuxes* are deceived; yet such veiled shrines as he, are counted very *Oracles* in Cloisters
now

now where silence is in precept and veneration: Whose profession 'tis to be rather good Religious, than good companions; and whose wisdom is the folly of the world; and be they their wise men, they be my fools still, who no more admire silence in them than in vegetatives: Nor shall ever account impotency, perfection; rather when the power of well speaking never proceeds to act; I shall think their wants ability more than will; and that somewhat still in the main spring is amiss, when the clock ne're strikes; only for this once (since they wil need have it so) I will believe there's somewhat in him, 'cause as yet I could never perceive any thing come out of him.

CHARACTER.
Of a Dutch Waggoner.

HE converses so much with
beasts as he's become one
himself, with only this difference,
that he is a Beast *Paramount*; and
to see him mounted on his fore-
horse like a *drill*, you'd take him
for a Beast two stories high, nay
to his very understanding he is
one; he understanding nothing
above the elevation of his Pole;
and let them talk of the Papists
what they will, there is none
speaks the language of the Beast
but he: they were mightily out,
who fain'd a *Waggoner* in *Heaven*,
when with far more reason they
might have fained one in *Hell*:
For besides he is more churlish
than *Charon*, his waggon is more
like *Hell*, where people are
crowded together in perpetual
pain

pain ; and he like a *Fury* layes a-
 bout him with his whip, only in
 this he is like *Phebus* or the *cha-*
rioter of the day, that he alwayes
 bring night with him to his jour-
 neys end. For the rest ; t'others
 Horses eats not so oft as his, nor
 (for all his Twelve houses) has
 he so many Inns to bait at, and
 drink at on the way : Besides, he
 is more inexorable then the *Sun*
 for *Joshua*, with calling to him
 once could make him stay, which
 call your heart out, you can never
 make him do. In a word, he does
 nothing well, but whip his hor-
 ses, and you can do nothing bet-
 ter than whip him again ; for he is
 saucy and malepert, and as rude
 as the Canvase he wears ; being a
 very tyrant when he gets you in
 his Waggon once, setting a Tax
 or Imposition on passengers, cal'd
drink-gelt, which he leavies on the
 first four places of his Waggon,
 and were yeforty, he promises to

you all : Now whether this be a *Holland* or *Flemish* Waggoner, ther lies the Riddle ; betwixt whom there's this only difference, that your *Hollander* looks bigger and keeps more gravity, as one that may be one of *myn Heers* in time, whilst t'other will never be but one of the *Rascal* rout.

CHARACTER.

Of a huge overvaluer of himself.

HE affects a certain *Corpulency* in all his Actions, makes them rather appear inflate and swoln than great and solide, which singularity renders him more noted than notable : His wit is rather boisterous than strong, and has more in it of *Polypheme* than of the *Herse*. He is rather of *extravagant* than *extraordinary* parts ; and looses himself by going out of the common road ;

road; mistaking the point of Honour so, as while 'tis more honourable to beat the world at its own weapon, he is still inventing new: He makes a faction for folly, whilst he would needs seem wiser than he is, and proves that saying true, *Nullum magnum ingenium, &c.* That there's no great wit without some mixture of folly, &c. only gaining this reputation (at last) with all his bustling, that he were a wise man indeed, who were but all that he would seem to be. In fine, he is so unlucky in all his professions both of the Courtier, Scholar and the Politique, to have his speculations too high, his state policy in the air, his complements to the skies, and his Scholarship above the Moon. Princes not understand t'one, Ladies not reaching t'other; nor can the University with all its Mathematical Instruments take t'others

t'others height. Like too high-prized Ware then, he lyes on his own hand still; nor will he ever off, till either he be so wise to bate of it, or meet with such fools, who will over give as much as he over values it: Nor avails that excuse which some would make for him: 'How in great figures, 'falling not under one prospect 'of the eye; 'tis hardest still ob- 'serving proportion: For why does he strive then to make himself so great, and seek rather excuse for *error* than not to *err* at all? the Lady---then without Rival may admire him still, and he may be Mr.--Wise.man, but none of mine.

CHARACTER.

Of an ordinary French Lacquey.

HE is as mischievous all the year as a London Prentice on
Shrove-

Shrove-tuesday, and is devilish valiant with his Rapier on, but is a poor devil when that is off, and you may beat him part in hand, and part on credit, as you please, whilst he is so rigorous an *accomptant*, as if you promise him, *cent coups de baston*: He looks you should not bate him one. He wears mourning linnen whatsoever colour his Livery's of, and he and the *Dog* are alwayes *Correlatives*: He swears and lyes naturally, but steals nothing, only what he can lay hands on; and if you lay not hands on him the sooner, he runs away when he has done; though for running 'tis the worst quality he has, in lieu of which he vaults up behind the *Coach*, with as great facility as an *Ape* or *Tumbler* behind his Master: For the rest he does nothing more willingly than *pimp* for you, when if he can hedge in any *common* for himself, he counts

it clear gain, and himself a *free Commoner*; he having in that his Masters leavings, as in all things else; whilst he that had his, would be finly sauc'd indeed. I say nothing of the *Dice* he has, which however false, do break no squares with him, nor of the *Cards* in his pocket (though it be all the *Prayer Book* he has) only to come to his other qualities: he Paints excellent well *four* fingers and a thumb, on Privy-houses, and flying dildos upon walls, with *Bats* at which they are shot; no Saints mind being so elevate in devotion to *paradise* as his to the *Burdell*, to which he runs so often, as at last one running mars another, when he is laid up in some Hospital, and there's an end of him.

CHARACTER.

Of a suspicious person.

She is her own *Tormentor* and others too, putting her mind and them to torture of her *suspi- tions*; nor by confession nor denial is there any getting off of them: She suspects everything, and if you whisper, she thinks 'tis some harm of her. If you speak loud, she interprets it in the worser sense; if you look on her, she thinks 'tis to spy some fault in her; and if you look not on her, she interprets it a neglect of her: Mean time, she goes on with her suspicions, like *French* post-horses, who when they stumble once, ne're cease till they are down: She revolving slight offences in her mind so long, till she makes mighty injuries of them at last. Her surmises being alwayes wiser than the
Truth;

Truth; whilst her friends (both for their own sakes and hers) wish them but as wise at least, and that she had either less *wit*, or not so great an opinion of it as she has; she imagining she understands the full meaning of every half word, and mystery of every look, when there is none at all: So to every thing simply said, she affixes a double meaning strait, counting it *Ironia* when any praise her, *malevolence* when they praise her not, *flattery* when you are of her opinion, and voluntary contraction if you hold the contrary; Explicating others words and actions still as *Hereticks* do scripture in the dark and mystick sense, when the litteral is clear and manifest enough, and you may as well convert t^e one as t^e other from their opinions: So whilst her mind is just like the winters Sun, exhaling more clouds than it can decipate again,

gain, she both loses her self in the mist she makes, and loses her friends by mistaking them for her enemies.

CHARACTER.

Of Raillery.

THere is as much difference betwixt *Raillery* and *Satyr*, *Jesting* and *Jeering*, &c. as betwixt gallantry and clownishness; or betwixt a gentle *Accost* and rude *Assault*. And if I would habit them in their several properties, I would cloath *Satyr* in hair-cloath, *jeering* in homespun-stuff, *jesting* in motley, and *Raillery* in silk. It being a gentle exercise of wit & wits harmless *calumny*, speaks ill of you by contraries; and the reverse or t'other side of complement, as far beneath as that above reality. There's nothing in it of abusive, and only as much

much in it of handsome invective and reproach as may well be owned without a blush: publishing those praises of you without shame, which flattery would make you ashamed to hear. It differs from *Gybing*, as gentle smiles from scornful laughter; and from railing, as Gentlemens playing at foys, from Butchers and Clowns playing at Cudgels. 'Tis nothing bitter, but a poignant sauce of wit, for curious palats, not for your vulgar Tastes: And as *Barriers*, *Juſts* and *Tournment*, a sport only for your noble sort; somewhat resembling earnest, and which indeed, none should use, but those who know to make a sport of it: your Northern Nations being most commonly unhappy in this, that when their wits fall short, they piece it out with choler, and the blunter their wits are, the sharper are their weapons still. In fine, 'tis a plant

plant grows more naturally in your *Southern* Regions, and seldom farther North than *Paris* yet: Whence whilst the *French* would have transplanted it with their other fashions into *England*, like those who first brought in *Tobacco*, they had but the Curses of the common people for their pains; they understanding *railing* far better than *Railery*: much of the nature of those Beasts who cannot play, but they must fall to scratching & biting strait; wherefore till they understand it better, I'll say no more of it, but leave it as a *Riddle* to them still amongst the rest.

CHARACTER:

Of one who troubles her self with every thing.

HER mind is just like their stomachs who convert all they eat into diseases; for every thing is matter of trouble with her, and she's perpetually haunted

haunted with a panick fear, and
Lord, Lord! what shall I do?
what will become of us? not con-
tented with her own cares she
troubles her self with those of
others, and goes more then a
thousand mile to seek them out,
being as much troubled for the
King of *China's* loss of his King-
dom, as for our late Kings losing
his. In which she shews much cha-
rity, but ill ordered, a good na-
tural but sickly and infirm, and
a great stock of pitty and com-
passion but ill husbanded and ma-
naged: nay she troubles her self
with conditionary thoughts of
things that ne're were, nor are,
nor are like to be: And if others
businesses so trouble her, ima-
gine but how she is troubled with
her own, of which when she has
any, what betwixt doing and un-
doing it; like *Penelopes* webb, she
never makes an end; nor can any
else for her at last, she so intan-
gles

gles it. And all this through ignorance of how much thought and care she is to bestow on things, whence bestowing all she has on every thing, (as long as there is a world, and she is in the world) her care and trouble must needs be infinite and immense: So as in fine) her mind seems only an *Hospital* of sickly thoughts; being so thronged with them, there's hardly room for any healthy one: whence through her propostitious lodging all her care within doors, and her comfort all without, she is so unfortunate to have the one still at hand, when she needs it least; and t'other still to seek, when she stands in most need of it.

CHA-

CAARACTER.

Of one who troubles himself with nothing.

HE suffers none but gay and pleasant thoughts to enter his *Imagination*, putting the rest off till to morrow still, saying, *to day is too soon*: and then quite dismissing them, saying; *it is too late*: He is so great a Master in the art of consolation, as he who when he casually lost his eyes, comforted himself, that *there was so much saved in candle light*, was but a bungler at it, compared to him. He accounts nothing in this world his own, whence he's never afflicted for the loss of any thing; and for the world it self, counts it but as a *pilgrimage*, and himself a *Pilgrim*, that has no other business in it, but only to pass through it
unto

unto the next : to which since all wayes equally conduce, he *latters* not by *Sea*, but ever sails before the *wind*, and makes for the next *Port*, be it where it will ; and by *land*, knows all his easiest passages, and all his turnings to avoid uneasy ones, whilst to beguile the tediousness of the way, he has still choice of the best company ; and at *Relay* : So passes he this *vale* of miseries ; so easily he scarcely feels its miseries ; neither contracting so much *wealth*, nor *guiltiness*, in living, as may make him apprehend to leave t^eone behind him in this world when he dies, nor find the punishment of t^eother in the next. Mean time, that neither the Revolution of things, nor inconstancy of persons, may transport, or trouble him, he has no eye to any thing, nor person, *Beauty*, *Riches* nor *Honours*, having never yet the power to
make

make him quit his *liberty*, nor has the world chains strong enough to make him *slave*; he wondring as much at *Courtiers*, as at *Gally-slaves*; and for those who for a little profit sell their *liberties*, whilst they call it fishing for a *golden fish*, he calls it Angling with a *golden-book*: So the splendor of a *Palace*, and obscurity of a *Cottage* equally takes his eyes, nor sees he any thing; In the riches of the one to *envie*, nor in the others *poverty* to *pitty*, more than the means that t'one has more than t'other; to make *friends* and to oblige. Thus having provided against all trouble without himself, that nothing within himself may trouble him: (holding still the mean betwixt *idleness* and too great *employ*) he cultivates his mind, rather like a *Garden* than a *Field*, delightfully not *laboriously*; with studies may rather render it *gay* and *cheerful*, than *melan-*

melancholy and sad: shunning all by-ways of doctrine, to avoid error, and all high-ways of the vulgar, to avoid ignorance and viciousness; nor puts he his mind so on the rack of hope to extend them farther than to possible and easie things; which failing his expectation, he is no more troubled than at seeing Juglars play fast and loose. Lastly, not to live stranger nor enemy to himself, he first makes compact with's genius, to lead him to no ill, and then follows it, whatsoever it leads him too, doing just by it as by his Horse, which he is not still putting upon new ways, but only spurs when it goes on slowly in the old: So constituting his pleasure rather in content than voluptuousness, and in nothing fruition, may lessen and destroy, or that may be rendred impotent by Age: He can never be without pleasure in himself, nor

C

can

can any thing out of himself even molest and trouble him : nor is this a happiness to be attained to, but by long accustomance, and by doing by our mind, just as we do with our Bodies in time of Pestilence, that is, by carefully avoiding all commerce with those are sick, else being once infected, all counsel is in vain ; and you may as well bid one that is sick be well, as one that's *sad* and *grieved* be merry and comforted.

CHARACTER.

Of a Chamber-Maid.

A *Chamber-Maid* is as suspicious a name for a *Maid*, as a *Grammar Scholar* for a great Scholar, or a *School-master* for a great Master, &c. She differs from the *Waiting-woman* only, as single *Roses* do from double ones; and

and is a Maid of one Coat, whilst your Waiting-Gentlewoman has many; for the rest, she is the gentler of the two, when she falls into gentle handling; marry the rude Serving-man she cannot endure, telling him, *she's for his betters*, &c. She is the more subject to *tossing*, less danger there is of *rumpling* her, (an advantage she has of the Gentlewoman for all she is so fine) there being more provocation too in her single *Peticoat* (so nigh *Querpo*) than in all t'others *filken Gowns*. Mean while her words and actions are to be understood by contraries, and when she schreeks and cries, *hie away*, *lay by there*, &c. you must understand they are interjections of *incouragement*, not *prohibitions*, as when she hides her self v'th' dark, or fains to sleep, 'tis only that you should groap her out and take her napping, &c. only there's a certain

thing call'd *sweet-heart*, and a certain thing call'd *Matrimony* that spoils the sport, and makes her shie and *cantious*; for any thing else there may be sport enough and nothing e're the worse: For she may be a *Chamber-maid* still, though not a *Maid*; and if she be right & of the game indeed, whatsoever they say unto her, & whatsoever they do unto her too, she'l be sure to be a *Maid* still till she be *married*, when let her husband look where she be a *Maid* or no; for others they have look't often enough and found her none.

CHARACTER.

Of a Noble-mans Chaplain.

ALl Ministers are *men* of the *Lord*, but this is the *Lords* Gentleman; distinguished by his *Taffety Scarff*, his fring'd *Gloves*, *Band-strings*, and *Linnen* more
a la

a la mode; his chiefest faculty is in saying *Grace*: when by the elevation of his eyes, you may easily guess at the temperature o'th' *Climate*, or whether his *Patrons* devotion be *hot* or *cold*, (and respectively the meat is the contrary,) having said *Grace*, he takes *Tytbes* of all, as belonging to the *Clergy*, only the small *Tytbes* of fruit, his *Patron* debars him of, (if he sit at his *Table*) he and his fellow *Salt* together, being both taken away with the *Voider*; when rising with *trencher* in hand (just like one playing at *Buz*) he makes a Canonical leg *de Cu' & Bec*, and is silenc'd during pleasure, and converted into a grave *Cap-board* or *Chimney piece*: If he sail of the lower end of his *Patrons* board, he claims the higher end of the *Stewards*; where he reprehends no vice, but too many hands in the dish at once, under the name of gormandizing,

he being more beholding to his
flort commons in the Univer-
sity, for a good stomach ; then for
his learning (which is nothing
with him) or his preaching ei-
ther (which is not worth the
speaking of) whilst he hung there
by the Beak like *Barnacles* in
Scotland, till he flew away a *brand*
Goose at the last. He takes the
mentioning of *Sr. Roger* in dudgi-
on, with all the Appurtenances and
Appendixes of *Cunny-tails*, and
Mrs. Abigals, though he makes
love in godly manner to the *Cham-
ber-maid*, or *Waiting-gentlewoman*
(when his Lord has done with
her) by whose favour with my
Lady, if he gets the super-inten-
dancy of the Family, he vexes
the servants intolerably with his
talking of *Collegial* Discipline,
and the statutes of the Univer-
sity, with *Orthodox* nose pry-
ing into every thing, and if he
hedge in the Tutoring of my
young

young Master in to boot, he makes him an errant *Dunce*, and fit only for the University.

CHARACTER.

Of an impertinent Governant.

She is a fit *Abigail* for Sir Roger there, and makes as good a Governant for my young Lady, as he a Governor for my young Lord: Her wits (like an old stockin unravelling) are at an end at every turn; and had she the Governance of a whole School, she would run mad infallibly, though she have the spirit in her of twenty *School-mistresses*, looking with her *Pigs-eyes* so narrowly to her charge; you cannot approach her, but like a *Hen* with one *Chicken*, she clocks and bristles up her feathers presently, keeping such a *fidle-fadle* and *tatling*, as you would judge her

fitter to teach *Parrots* talk, or
Apes their tricks, than for the
charge she has: for the rest of her
behaviour and discourse: It speaks
her of your under form of breed-
ing right; her *quips* and scornful
answers, strongly favouring of the
Citizen, as *goodly goodly, great
ones! how say ye by that now? &c.*
And but anger her, and you'll see
that with only one weeks board
at *Billingsgate* she would have
scoulded curiously. In fine, she
is perpetually busied about no-
thing, and her whole employ-
ment is either in making, or else
finding faults; displeased with e-
very thing, 'cause she knows not
what she'd have; with which im-
pertinency she so *dozes* and *be-
mopes* the poor *Lady*, as she learns
nothing at all of her, but only to
unlearn all she did *well*, to do it
ill. As for her other qualities of
curious handling the *Bookin* and
Needle (at which every *School-
girl*

girl and Chamber-maid is as good as she) I say nothing 'cause they are not worth the speaking of, only that by the Tree you may know the fruit; I'll give you the Character of the School where she was bred.

CHARACTER.

Of a School of young Gentlewomen.

TO shew how many degrees they are removed from Court breeding; their Schools most commonly are erected in some Country Village nigh the Town, where to save charges (like that Country Parish that would not go to cost of true Orthography in painting the Ten Commandments) they have the worst Masters can be got for love or money; learning to quaver instead of singing, *hop* instead of dancing,

cing, and rake the *Guitar*, rumble the *Virginals*, and scrach and thrumb the *Lute*, instead of playing neatly and handsomly ; and for their languages, a *Magpy* in a month would chatter more than they learn in a year : nor are their manners and behaviour much better, both so unfashionable and rude, (or ramping and hoiting, or mincing and bridling it, as their reverend *Mistress* is *libertine* or *precise* ;) as their unlearning them costs their Parents (commonly) more than their learning did. As for their work (which they most glory in) you have frequent *exemplars* of it) how some one or other (ordinarily) makes such work with them, as the stitches can never be pickt out again, without the *Midwives* help : No sweat-meat shops being ever so haunted with *Wasps* and *Flyes* as these *Schools* by all the wild-

wild-youth about the Town. Mean time, I'll not say their grave *Mistriss* is a Bawd (who thinks her self a very *Debora* for government) but certainly her *Simplicity* is little less; first, gives admittance, then opportunity to such virmine as these into their *Bourneghs*, who when they get their heads in once, all the Body naturally follows. To conclude, they learn nothing there befitting Gentlewomen, but only to be so gentle at last, as commonly they run away with the first *Serving man* or younger Brother makes love unto them: when their Parents find (to their cost) that all their cost was cast away, and their Husbands after a while find too, how to that old saying of chusing a Horse in *Smithfield*, and a *Serving man* in *Pauls*; you might well add the chusing a wife out of one of these *Schools*,
and

Schools, and you shall be fitted all alike.

CHARACTER.

Of a Novice.

HE is just like a young *Lover*, and his order is his *Mistress*, who makes a fool of him, whilst he Idolatrizes it more than your *French Inamorists* do their *Philis's* and *Cloris's*, and *Don Quixot's* love to *Dulcinea* was nothing so extravagant. The more doz'd and bemopt he is, the better still; 'tis a sign he's right, and has a true vocation: and if he have any wit and judgement of his own, they cry out on him for a very *Reprobate*: for the rest, he hates all women-kind, and calls a *Petticoat*, *Leviathan*, and a *smock* but innocently blanching on a hedge, *Asteroth*, or the foul *Devil of Fornication*; he walks with
his

his eyes alwayes fixt upon the ground, and crumples up like a *Hog-louse* for fear of effusion: he makes as many stops as an old rusty *Jack*, and winds up himself as oft to rectifie his intention; he says his *our Fathers* as devoutly as others their *our Father*, and counts all damn'd who are not friends of his order, as an infallible sign of *Predestination*, he being devoted to it, and the *Patron* thereof: he is as lively after a discipline as an *Ape* newly whipt, and is no more moved than a *Statua* at a reprehension or reproach. In fine, his novitiat passes with him just like an *incantment*, whilst he is so stund and astonish'd as he knows not what to do, only towards the end he comes to himself again, recovering by degrees; and the charm once expired, becomes like other men.

CHARACTER.

Of a Fille devote, or a ghostly daughter.

She is a degree farther from the *Cloister*, and nigher the world than a *Beguine*; to recompence which, she is more exemplar in her manners and behaviour, walking the streets like an Image carried in Procession, without stirring hand or eye, wearing her eyes just like spectacles on her nose, and not daring to scratch though it itch never so furiously, for fear of transgressing the rules of modesty: whence a *Fly* is as safe on her nose, as a thief in *Sanctuary*, and a *Flea* as t'had passport, may travel where it please: Returned home she is so neat, she puts all her cloaths up i'th'press (almost her self too) brushing her
care-

carefully for fear of a spice of Fornication, ever since she understood *man* was but *dust*: for the world, she defies it, with all its pomps and vanities (and 'tis almost all the vanity she has) and for the Devil, she knows all his slights and tricks so well, as that Devil must rise betimes that couzens her; as for the Flesh, she mortifies not only her own, but that of her hoch-pot too, giving it so strong al-lay of *Carrots* and *Turnips*, there is no danger of its insurrection: Mean time, she holds her *Confessor* and the Patron of his Order for the greatest Saints, and salutes all the rest, even to the *Dog* of the *House*, with a *Beati qui inhabitant*, whilst of her Faith there is no doubt; and for her good works, you may have a pattern of them when you please; for she is commonly the best *Bone-lace-maker* in all the *Parish*,

Parish, though her principal Trade be making *scruples* of every thing (if that be not her *Confessarius* work more than hers) to conclude, I could wish my *soul* with hers at any time, but not my Body bestrew me) especially on *Lady Eves* and other dayes of devotion, when she *Fasts*, wears *Hair*, and *Disciplines* it most intollerably.

CHARACTER.

[*Of an imitable Widow.*

She is a Tree thunder-struck, the more *sacred*, the more unfortunate; who had long since been dead, when *death* bereaved her of her better part, but for those living branches ingrafted on her stock (for and in whom, more than for and in her self) she lives: She has a quite different computation from other

Wi-

Widows, counting from her *Husbands* life in t'other world, not from his *death* in this; nor from his *mortality*, but his *immortality*, which every day augmenting, by consequence her memory of him, every day augments: Whence to shew she mourns not for *custom*, but for the *dead*, and *eternally*, not by the *year*; she hangs her *apertement* all freshly in black at the years end, when other *Widows* would be unhangings theirs: Its not changing colour sufficiently, declaring that 'tis dyed in grain: for the rest, she looks on a second *marriage* but as a kind of *Adultery*. *Incontinence* makes necessary and *custom* lawful, so far below noble woman, as her high thoughts disdain ever to descend into't; or at best accounts it but a kind of *Theft*, or robbing of the *dead*; and for hers should hold it a kind of *sacrilege* or stealing from the *Saints* in Heaven: nay, she

she counts your *Widows* that marry so soon again, but a kind of *Murthereffer*, killing their first *Husbands* out-right, when th'rebut half dead once; whilst hers, as long as she lives (in despite of death) can never wholly dye, one half of him (at least) surviving still in her.

CHARACTER.

Of a more imitable Widow.

He shoots off *Husbands* as fast
as *Boys Pellets* out of *Pot-gun*; and once discharg'd, all her care is to charge again: she is as curious in her mourning dress, as if she rather courted a new *Husband* than mourned for the old; and her *Glas*, and *woman* have more ado with putting on her *vail* and *peak*, than (i'th' dayes of revelling) with putting on her *masking* cloaths; nor are these

any other in effect, she only making an *injur'd* joy under an *outward* grief; her *vail* fitly serving her to hide her laughter in publick, as her *dark chamber* in private; for the rest, she hides all under her *Widow-hood* before company, yet she makes sorrowful faces, and squeezes out a tear or two, but alone with her *woman* she laughs at it; and all their discourse is, *Who is the proper'st man, and who would make the best Husband, &c.* She counts her self widow'd, not for her *bosom*, but her *Bed* (making difference still betwixt a *Husband* and a *Friend*) and therefore procures to have that always warm, when her *Husband* is scarcely cold; whom she presently forgets, never making mention of a former *Husband*, but only as a spur unto the latter, with a *God be with him, he would have done thus and thus*; and if they don't so too, is as ready

dy to bid *God be with them* : so as 'tis only a good *Dowry* and the *Itch o'th' Tail* that makes her marry again, which satisfied once, she cares not how soon she's rid of you ; or *unsatiate*, one suffices not, but she still longs for more : Wherefore were I to marry her, I'd be sure one condition o'th' marriage should be, she should be no more a *Widow*, or (beshrew me) I'd have none of her.

CHARACTER.

Of a Fifth Monarchy man.

HE equivocates when he sayes, *Thy Kingdom come*, meaning his own; and i'th' mean time, looks upon all *Magistrates* as *Usurpers* of his right: He is a *Saint* turn'd inside outward, or all *sanctity* without and none within: his congregation is all in *querpo*, though they boast the *Spirit*, and they

they care for no cloak but *Hypocrisie* : 'Tis question whether he more hates the *Church* for *Ceremonies*, or *Ceremonies* for the *Church*; certainly, he is more familiar with the *Lord*, than to stand on *Ceremonies* with him any more; and he so hates a *Gentleman*, as he can't endure *God* should be served like one. Mean time, down goes the *Churches*, and *White-Hall* should follow too, might he but have his will: a *Barn* as well as a *Church* or *Palace*, serving them, (like *savages*) both for their *spiritual* and *temporal* Monarchy: He counting any place good enough to Preach in; and any place indeed is good enough for his Preaching, who teaches nothing but *sedition* and *infatuation*, whence whilst others with their *Sermons* people *Heaven*, he peoples *Bedlam* or the common *Jayl*; calling *mirth*, *prophaness*; *melancholy*, *godliness*; *obedi-*

obedience, luke-warmness ; and *fashion*, zeal ; making altogether as *unchristian* work with Baptizing them, as he does with children. In fine, other *Scells* run low, but he's upon the *Lees*, calling himself only *pure*, like him who being all o're defiled with dirt, brag'd that he had never a spot on him ; so he thanks God with the Pharisee, that he is not like other men, and in that he sayes true, for he is far worse than they : As for his *Fift-Monarchy*, he may expect it when all the world is *mad*, till when he must give all the world leave to believe that he is so.

CHARACTER

Of an importunate Visitant.

HE is the only persecutor of *Ladies*, and they may as well be quit of their *Shadows* as of him,

him, he follows them without any regard of *Time* and *place*, visiting them a *mornings* e're they are up, and scarcely gives them leave a *nights* to go to bed: whence they compare him with every thing that's troublesome, and comparisons (you know) are odious: He is their vexation in their *Chambers*, their *distraktion* in the *Church*, nor can they scarce be private and at ease for him. In their *Closets*, or on their close-stools, and when they take *Coach*, they must have a guard of *Swiz* at the *Boot*, or else he'll enter whether they will or no. But what do I talk of a guard? when like a *spright* he penetrates any place, and is as good as a *Cannon* or *Petard* to force his entrance: whence he becomes so fearful to every one, as they fright *children* with only saying *he comes*; and *old folks* who weary out others are a weary of his company:

pany : whence he is in every ones
Litanies, with *deliver us good Lord*:
and they pray against him as a-
gainst the *plague*, he being far
the more incurable malady of the
two ; and he who knew a remedy
against the *Gout* and him, would
soon be richer than *Mayer*,
which makes them study it, and
many remedies have been thought
upon : Some having assayed to
make him blush, but that they
find is impossible ; others have
invented several *excuses*, but none
would serve the turn , not so
much as that of *business*, *sleeping*,
nor taking *Phy*sick, &c. Ill looks
nor ill words won't do't, and for
that way of diversion, some *La-*
dies have found out of late, of
keeping handsome *Gentlemen*
and *Chamber-maids*, they find it
afterwards but redoubles of Ac-
cess, what drives him soonest a-
way, is their threatening to put
him to charges of *Suppers* and
Collations,

Collations, but that he puts off too with his wonted *impudence*; one-ly one who hath travell'd many Countries, and learned many rare *Receits*, of late has found out a way to *Quarrel* him out of their Companies; and to perfect the cure, add but a good *beating* to't, and tis thought he will never dare to return again.

CHARACTER.

Of a French Dancing-Master in England.

A French *Dancer* or *Balladin*, thinks himself a *Palladin* of *France* when he commences *Master* and ceases to be *Usher* once: betwixt whom and the *French Taylor* there has been long contention who should be most *modish*, and liker a *Gentleman*; till the *Dancing-Master* carried it clearly away at last, and but for

D

his

his *Pochet* might sometimes pass for one; for he is the only Master of the *Revels* now, and makes all dance after his *Fiddle*. He has the *Regimen* of your Ladies Legs (nay little *Montague* pretended higher yet) and is the sole pedagogue of the Feet, teaching them not onely the French *pace* but the French *language* too, as *Compex, passez, levez, &c.* which they understand as perfectly as *English*. He fetches you up in your Dance with a *Hei courage*, as your *Carter* does his *Horses* with a *Whip*; and is so cholerick sometimes, as he is beaten for his pains, and taught to know that he is far better at his *feet* then at his *hands*: He goes a Pilgrimage to *Paris* every year, and distributes his new *Branles Gavots* and *Sarabands*, like precious Reliques amongst his *Schollars* at his return, speaking as reverently, and with as great devotion of *Monseigneur Pro-*
vost

vest, as your *Pilgrims* do of the *Saints* of the *Shrines* they have visited: In fine, he lives a merry life and a long; for his *dancing days* are never done, and he is a brave fellow all the year, but on a *Ball* or *Grand-Ballet* night without compare: Onely I'de counsel him to hide his *Kit* when he goes abroad, or if the *Saints* spy it, its but pretending its strings are made of the guts of the Beast, and that they play at the Wedding of *Antichrist* with the *Whore* of *Babylon*; to break it like your *English-Fiddles* about the *Fiddlers* ears, 'gainst whom their persecution is so great, as 'twould even extend it self to the sign of the *Cat and Fiddle* too, if it durst play but so loud as to be heard by them.

CHARACTER.
Of your Town-Talkers.

YOUR Town-Talkers are a company in Town, who make a Trade of talking of every thing; they work journey work, and are excellent embroiderers of lies; any ground will serve them and is ordinary with them to add o's and cyphers to set it the better off. They deal more by conjecture than *Almanack* makers, and are such expert *Chymists*, they can extract certainty out of *likelihoood* at any time. They wish more for ill news than ingrossers of Corn for dear years; and are sorry with *Caligula*, when no publique calamity happens in their time. They would be glad the dearest friend they had should be hanged, onely to afford them news; and when they have any, are

as pregnant with it, as *Spanish*
Genets are with air. They hunt
 with full cry, and run faster a-
 way with a *rumour*, than a pack
 of Northern Hounds do with a
 full scent. Their chiefest game is
who, and whom? and they make
 more marriages, then *Justices*
 o'th Peace. As for *Weddings*
 now the *Arches* are down, they
 are the onely Bawdy Court, ma-
 king *Adamites* of all the young
 people in the Town; and in-
 stead of the *Star-chamber*, they
 censure every one: they'le ven-
 ture the repute of *lyars* twenty
 times, for that of *Prophets* once,
 and make such haste as they pre-
 vent times bringing *truth* to light.
 In fine, tis natural for them to
 speak ill of every one, amongst
 the rest, making bold some-
 times with us in the *Country*, they
 are not to take it ill, if this once
 we make as bold with them in
Town.

CHARACTER.

Of a valiant man.

HE is onely a man, your *Coward* and *Rash*, being but *Tame* and *savage* Beasts; his courage is still the same, and *drink* cannot make him more valiant, nor *danger* less; his valour is enough to leven whole Armies, and he is an Army himself, worth an Army of other men: His *sword* is not always out like childrens *Daggers*, but he is always last in beginning quarrels, though first in ending them: He holds *honour* (though delicate as *chrystal*) yet not so slight and brittle to be broke and crackt with every touch; therefore (though most wary of it) is not *querulous* nor *punctilious*; he is never troubled with passion, as knowing no degree beyond clear courage, and
is

is always valiant but never furious. He is the more gentle iⁿ th^e *chamber*, more fierce he is in the *field*; holding boast (the *cowards* valour) and cruelty (the *beasts*) unworthy a valiant man: He is onely *coward* in this, that he dares not do an unhandsom action. In fine, he can onely be overcome by discourtesie, and has but one defect; he cannot talk much, to recompence which he dos the more.

CHARACTER.

Of a proud one.

He has as much in her of the *S*ancient *Countesship* as would have serv'd six of Queen *Elizabeth's* *Countesses* with their *Coachmen* and *Footmen* bare, their *Cap-bearer* serving them on the knee; and women waiting about their *Canopy of state*; yet is she neither *Countess* nor *Lady* neither

ther, but onely of *pleasure*, and
at *courtesie* of the Country. She
looks high, and speaks in a *maje-*
stick tone, like one playing the
Queens part at the *Bull*, and is
ready to say, *Bless ye my good*
people all, as often as she passes by
any company; she adding only
disobligingness to her dishonor.
whilst she would be thought more
honorable by disobligingness;
and is but like those *tradesmen*,
who when they have custom e-
nough grow proud and disdain-
ful, and must be sued to for their
ware, whilst those who want it,
are forced to sue to you: to
hide and plaister it the better,
she has two counterfeit vizzards,
her *painting* and her *modesty*;
both which she puts off a *night*,
when she lies with her *own face*,
though not with her *own Hus-*
band; she pretending by her *state-*
ly carriage (it seems) the ho-
nour of *Foundress* oth' order of
un-

undisparag'd Concubines, nor gets she any thing else by her stateliness, but onely, when soever there is a Parliament of Curtesans, she shall be taken for one of the Commons, but the House of Lords.

CHARACTER.

Of an all-admirable Person.

Beauly alone is too secular a *Beam* for praise and vertue too *Monastical* an one; together they make an excellent conjunction, so they are accompanied with goodness and obligingness; disobliging *Beauty* else repelling as fast as it attracts (and loosing all its graces by insinuating them into vessels disobligingness makes *bottomless*) neither is vertue ever so honoured, when its goodness is contracted in it self, as when tis diffusively good to

all: To speak separately then of all these perfections, which she has joyntly to admiration: For her *Beauty*, all you call sweet and ravishing is in her *Face*; a *cheerfulness*, tis joy for to behold, and a perpetual *sun-shine* without any clouds at all, joynd with such attractive *virtue*, as she draws all to a certain distance, and there detains and suspends them, with *reverence* and *admiration*; none ever daring to approach her nigher, nor having power to go further off; whence that *beauty*, which in the days of *Ethnicism*, had excited to *Idolatry*; now onely excites to *piety* and *devotion*; sufficient alone to fill the place with *Votive Tables*, and even in picture to work *miracles*; she being still the greater *miracle* herself, and so all surprizing as a disease, but as taking as her eyes, would be epidemical, and soon depopulate
all

all the world. Then she's so obliging, civil and courteous, as obligingness, civility and courtesie seem to be born with her, and it is feared will die and be buried with her in the same grave when she dyes; Her speech and behaviour being all so gentle, sweet and affable, as you may talk of Magick, but there is none charms but she; nor has complacency and observance more ready at a Beck; she (to the shame and confusion of the proud and imperious) doing more with one gentle entreaty then they with all their loud iterated commands. Whence she alone with her sweetness and gentleness, would tame fierce Lions, and civilize the barbaroudest Savages; and if there be any fierceness and savageness in the world, tis onely where she is not, and because she cannot be every where: whence Heaven seems onely to have made her so beautiful,

ful, to make vertue more lovely in her, the one serving to adorn the other; as her noble *obligingness* and *goodness* doth for the ornament of both.

CHARACTER.

Of a gallant Warriour.

HE is a Lover, and the *War* is his Mistressse, whom he courts so nobly, as not onely she, but all are enamour'd on him: all his thoughts are on her, and all his Ambition is to deserve her favours, and to declare himself worthy of her; he doing that in effect, which others onely talk of; hazzard and expose his life for his Mistressse, as often as brave *Action* calls him to it: Meantime, compare him with your other fine *Gallants* of the *Town*, and you'll see what little pittiful things they'll seem compared to him

him (just as *Puppets* in comparison with *men*) he i'th' head of an *Army*, with brave fierceness in the *field*; they with little *meens* and countenances, leading a *dance* at home; they slickt with *pomatum*, all patcht and poudred; he all covered o're with dust and sweat, the powder of the *Canon* frizling his hair, and every patch hiding or shewing some noble wound; they finally proud of the favour of some *knot* or *ribban* (their *Mistress* *Dog* has honour to wear as well as they) he gloriously returning home with *vi-ctory*, a favour only greatest *Heroes* are honoured with: After all which, more to increase their shames, and his *glory*, he beats them at their own weapons too (to shew himself every wayes a *Conqueror*) and proves the gallanter *Courtier*, as far surpassing them in the gentle Arts of Peace, as in the noble ones of War: With good reason
they

they feigned *Venus* then enamoured with *Mars*; only I wonder they fabled him born of *immortal* race, since in my conceit the fable had been much handsomer, had they feigned (like our *Mars's* here) his noble actions only immortalizing him.

CHARACTER.

Of a miserable old Gentlewoman.

HER word is, *Pitty any thing should be lost*, whilst others say, *Pitty any thing should be saved*, as she saves it; for she hoards up *Candle ends*, and scrapes up grease; being so rich in *Kitchen-stuff*, as her very cloaths are become part of it; excepting her brancht Velvet Gown, (thin as an old groat with the figures all worn out) which she keeps more carefully for *Sundays* and *Holy-days*; nor wonders she at the *Jems* wear.

wearing their cloaths in the *Desart* forty years, for she has a *Petticopat* she has worn 2^d long; her *Stomacher* being a piece of venerable Antiquity, derived from the *Velvet* of *Queen Marys* Gown; and her *Prayer-Book* was a Relique of her *Grandmothers*, till falling into the *Dripping-pan* (by *simpatby*) the *Dog* and *Cat* fell out about it, and at last agreed to prey on it; since when for want of a *Book*, her ordinary prayer (without *Book*) is a *God help ye*, without *Alms*, for which the *Beggars* curse her as fast; only your *sneezers* thank her, because they expect no more from her; for her house, you enter it with the same horror as you'd do one the *Witches* kept their *Sabot* in; she sitting purring in the *Chimney-corner* like a *melancholy Cat*, mumping like an old *Ape* when she saluteth you; and when she'd Regale you indeed, sends

sends for a bottle of Sack from her closet (as everlasting as the widows cruce of Oyl) has served this twelve months all Strangers that come to the house, together with a Box of *Mermelate* so dry, as the Flyes have given't over long since, in despair of extracting any more sweetness out of it. In fine, to tell you all the sordid *poversty* of her house, I should never make an end: wherefore to conclude, her *Coffers* are only rich (whilst she is poor) where she hoards up all her old *Spur-Royals* and *Harry-Angels*, with her *Deaths-head* and *Gymal-Rings*, for whosoever she means to make her Heir, which I'm sure sha'nt be me, I laugh at her so much.

CHA-

CHARACTER.
Of a Ladies Little Dog.

HE is native of *Bolonia*, though of no great House (as 'tis imagined) yet he is his *Ladies* Favourite, and the Envy of her *Gallants*, for his lying with her a nights, whilst he innocently *snugs* and ne're thinks of his happiness, and kisses her a days without imagining any harm; for which they suspect him of *frigidity*, and certainly he is so cold as the *Chimney-corner* can scarce keep him warm; where he lies in his *Panier* (like *Diogenes* in his *Tub*) inarling and barking at every one comes in; whence he's imagined to be one of his *Cinick* Sect, yet all *Caress* and make much of him for his *Ladies* sake, and that proverbs together, *Love me, and love my Dog*. Mean time, his chiefest bravery

very consists in his *Chollar*, which you would take for the *Chollar* of some Order (of which there are *Carpet Knights* enough, who would gladly like him, be never out of *Ladies laps*) but that he has no fellow for *littleness*, all other *Dogs* seeming *Gyants* unto him; and he would scarce pass for a *Mastiff* amongst the *Pigmies*, though in *Hammers* battel betwixt the *Frogs* and *Mice*, he would have served rarely well, for mounting the *Cavalry*, and have put the *Infantry* terribly to Rout: but that he was spoyl'd in the managing; he (what betwixt carrying in the Arms at home, and Coach abroad) having legs more for ornament than use: Whence he has (certainly) much to answer for *Idleness*, but for that he cares not, who never thinks on death (though his life may well be compared unto a span, his body being

being no more) nor cares he for what becomes of *Dogs* in the other world, he enjoying all his Heaven and Felicity in this; having a Velvet Cushion for his couch; walking on *Turkey Carpets* like the *Grand Seigneur*, being fed as daintily as the *Infanta* or the King of *Spain*; nor can he wag his Tail for any thing, but he has it strait.

CHARACTER.

Of your Ladies Colonel.

NOt to be Souldier, he was made Colonel at first, and to scape fighting, h'as remain'd so ever since; whence he's a *superlative* without a *positive*, or like a *Hovel* all *rass* without foundation; you may call him souldier yet in *extraordinary*, as they do Courtiers who ordinarily have nothing to do at Court, no more

more than he in the Field, e're
since he brought the name of Co-
lonel to Town, as some did for-
merly to the Suburbs that of
Lieutenant or Captain. Mean
time, I know not whether the
Ladies made him Colonel, but I
am sure they have marr'd him for
ever being one; he caring more
for their simpering, than either
for grinning honour dead, or
smiling on alive: So there is more
danger of his over complement-
ing, than overcoming an enemy;
and for his sword, it can so little
boast its blood, as all its gentility
lies in the *Hilt* and *Belt*; and
it derives its honour more from
Scabbard than the *Blade*, notwith-
standing (though I will not ab-
solutely say he is a Souldier in his
heart) certainly in his words he
is a famous one, and for such he
passes with my Ladies Gentle-
woman, who for the title of Co-
lonels Wife is content to marry
him;

him; when she's call'd Madam, and puts hard for Lady too, fathering far more Children on him in Peace, than ever he made fatherless in War.

CHARACTER:

Of a School-Boy.

ONe may well say of him, as another did of his Son, that his Mother had prayed so long for a Boy, as he feared he would prove a Boy all his life, to which nothing more confers than their breeding in Grammer-Schools, where they study Boyes so long, they are marr'd for every studying men; coming thence so rude, as in compare with those bred at home, they are like ragged Colts of the Commons, compar'd with Stable-breed; he has nothing so ready as his Hat at his fingers ends, which he twirls about in mighty agony;

agony ; when he is out and knows not what to say, and if you question him, he looks another way, as if he sought an answer in the Seeling, or the Floor, and scrapes you just such a leg in answering you, as *Jack* oth' clock house going (about to strike) mean while he speaks ith' same *tone* he recites his lesson in, as fast as a *Horse* running away with his Rider, and as loud as all the company were deaf: ever and anon putting his Nose in's cap, and sneering when he is out of countenance: for his learning is all *capping verses*, and *Faggotting Poets* looser lines, which fall from him as disorderly as Faggot sticks when the band is broke; of his manners I say nothing, for he has none at all; nor is there any hope he will ever learn; his head being so doz'd with knocking, and breech hardned with whipping as he h'as neither *fear* nor *wit*.

Judge

Judge then what hope his Parents have of him, and what comfort in his schooling, where he hath learnt so many *nick*ing and *sneaking* tricks, as had I a Son, I lov'd, I'de send him to *Paris-garden*, as they do *Apes* to learn tricks there, rather then such tricks as they commonly learn at School.

CHARACTER.

Of one that shall be nameless.

HE is the onely famous *Ruffin* of the time, and is so exemplary vicious, as in beating their children, they bid them take warning by such an one: his vices are heavy enough to weigh down a side, whence anciently had he been to have fought, they would have desired him not to pray, that the *gods* might not have known that he was there: He
drunk

drunk formerly, when he should be fighting, and now talks only of fighting in his drink; whence he is rather scandalous than dangerous, and they persecute him more for his Words than Actions; he cries out on others not suffering like himself; like the *Fox*, who having lost his own *Taile*, would needs perswade all others out of theirs; nor is it *zeal* but *envy* in him, like your boys, who cry a *Whip Coachman*, when they cannot get up themselves: Mean time, he fathers his decay'd Fortune on the *Wars*, when tis well known, twas rather caused by his engagements with *women*, than with *men*: and were his *Creditors* books well examined, you would finde his name there long before the *Muste-master* could shew it you in his; which remaining uncanceled still, he thinks to do it by *wit* instead of *money*; and

and to break his *Creditors* by breaking *jests* on them ; but they are too wise to be witty now a days, and he too foolish not to remember how the times are so chang'd, as those who formerly for *jesting* might have begged others *Estates*, may now for *jesting* chance to loose their own. Mean while , more *prisons* contend for him, then *Cities* anciently for *Homer* , on the gates of one of them, you may well write his *Epitaph*, for tis like to be his *Sepulchre*.

CHARACTER.

Of a pretty sweet Innocence.

HEr *Innocence* is the pure white garment that she wore in *Baptism*, which in others loses gloss, and is quickly sullyed, but in her holds colour, and conserves its candor still, tis no

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witlefs

witless, but *guiltless Innocence*, such as was our first Parents in *Paradise*, of which had they been but as wary and tenacious, they had not lost it so easily, nor had *Paradise* been lost so soon: She knows no harm, and therefore does, nor imagines none, her *ignorance* being a far greater and surer guard for her *Innocence*, then others *knowledge*. She hates Vice almost as much by *Nature* as by *Grace*; nor is there any more beholding to both then she: She is *Vertues white-paper*, whilst others are only *blotted*, or coarse blotted paper at the best; and is onely fit to write *Heavens* dictates on. Her Innocent stole being of the same stuff and piece your *Angels* are made of, which could she conserve like them, but unblemisht and unspotted, she might go to Heaven in it without *Translation*, which her noble birth and breeding promises

mises for her in her *Infancy*; nor is there any doubt, but her high Honour and vertuous minde, will fully perform when she comes to Age all that they have promised.

CHARACTER.

Of a scrupulous Honour.

NEver was curious Beauty more nice nor shie of sun and winde; nor frugal Bravery of contracting spot or stain, then she of conserving her fame and honour pure and unblemished; having such care of its integrity, she dares not trust rumour with it, she fearfully apprehends, like some fierce Mastiff, rending and tearing every thing it fastens its teeth upon; this makes her walk so warily for fear of awakening it, so far she is from irritating it, to bark or

bite : mean time she strictly examines all her words and actions on this nice *Interrogatory*, *What will the people say?* Nor moves she apace without first considering where she sets her foot; by which prudent conduct of hers, she clearly demonstrates, that howsoever foul and dirty the *World* is, tis but picking out ones way, and they may walk clean enough. And all this she does purely from the principle of high *Honour* and noble vertue, without affectation or hypocrisie; and the care she's of the precious odour of her *fame*, never expos'd (she knows) to the subtle theft of publique aire without some detriment, whence no *Ermine* is purer, nor *Angel* cloathed in flesh could be more careful of preserving its innocence; nor *vertue's* self, could it be seen with mortal eyes, could ever gain more love nor reverence then she,

she, who of all women alive, has the only true receipt of stopping rumours mouth, of silencing calumny and detraction, and purchasing the esteem and admiration of all.

CHARACTER.

Of a Fleerer.

OF all wrinckles in the face (next to those of comely Age) give me a hearty *laugh*, or a *frown* at least, concealing nothing of *dissimulation*, but for your *fleering*, tis always the counterfeit *vizard* of the False, the Descumbler, and the Treacherous (and if it proceed from *simplicity* tis as bad on t'other side) to add the more to its deformity, it has somewhat in it too of the wrinckles of an *Ape*, makes it look more ridiculously and scurvily; tis a screw'd face,

only made to insinuate into your breast, a warpt on, declaring there's no trust to it; having as many double rinds in it, as a *Bulbus* root; you may annihilate it as soon as spell it out of all of them. 'Twas nothing in it of the *physiognomy* of an honest man; open and chearful, with eyes more smiling then the mouth: in smoothness not wrinckles, unfolding the habit of the minde, whilst this is a *Judas* face, with *What will you give me?* for motto to its treacherous smile, or at the worst a *Scotch Presbyterian* face, faining friendship, and pretending zeal only to cozen you, with all its actions fawning, and language flattery; and if I would paint a Greek *Sinon* it should be just with such another *physiognomy* red hair, flat nose, goggle eyes, with crouching posture, and fleeing countenance, trust them who's list for me.

CHA.

CHARACTER.

Of a Make bate.

She is a tattling *Gossip*, that goes a fishing or groaping for secrets, and tickles you under the gills, till she catches hold of you; onely the politique *Eel* escapes her hand, and wringles himself out again: She tells you others secrets, onely to hook yours out of you, and baits men as they do *Fishes*, one with another still. She is as industrious as a *Bee*, in flying about, and sucking every flowre; onely she has the *Spiders* quality of making poison instead of honey of it. For she hath all her spices of *Arithmetique*, *Multiplication*, *Addition* and *Detraction* too, onely at *Numeration* she is always out, making every thing more or less then tis indeed; whilst they blame *Flatterers* for

wanting their *sicut erat* to their *gloria* ; she wants both her *gloria* and *sicut erat* too. In fine, you have divers *Serpents* so venomous as they infect and poison with their very breaths ; but none have breaths more infectious nor poisonous then she, who would set man and wife at dissention the first day of their marriage, and Children and Parents the last day of their lives ; nor will Innocence ever be safe, nor conversation innocent, till such as she be banish'd humane *society* ; the bane of all Societies where they come : And if I could afford them being any where, with *Ariosto's Discord*, it should be onely amongst mine *enemies* : Mean time, tis my prayer, God bless my friends from them.

CHA^r

CAARACTER:
Du Tour a la mode.

C'Est une Assemblee ou les Dames sont parées pour le Bal, et ou les chevaux dancent un Ballet. C'est un Marché ou l'on n'Estale que la meilleure Marchandise, en reservant le reste dans l'arriere Boutique. C'est une Blanque des visages ou pour un bon, on en rencontre cent mauvais. C'est une Bataille bien rangée, ou le Baggage est derrier, ou seux sent seulement a couvert des coups d'ceillades, qui sont au fond du Carrosse, et ou les premiers ayant fait leur discharge ilz s'en retirent pour donner place aux autres. C'est un Festin ou ceux qui vont en Carrosse sont assis a l'able, et ceux qui sont par terre les regardent, et devorent des yeux. C'est l'Eglise de la Gallanterie ou il y a de la Bigoterie anglaise.

bien qu'ailleurs, et on, on va plus
 par Curiosité que par devotion.
 C'est un Ciel qui a deux monne-
 mens contraires, ou il y a des Esto-
 illes de toutes Grandeurs, et on les
 Dames fardées, et de mauvaise Re-
 putation sont des Commettes. C'est
 un Jeu des Cartes ou tous les va-
 lets sont escartez. C'est un Tri-
 omphe ou les vaincus aussi bien
 que les vainqueurs vont en chariot.
 C'est une Medaille de la vanité du
 monde et vicissitude des Mondaines
 avec ces Inscriptions, Sic transie
 gloria mundi, et chacun en son
 Tour: en fin c'est la ou l'on roule
 doucement dedans le monde, & si l'on
 pouvoit ainsi aller en Paradis, on se-
 roit aussi heureux qu'Elie.

 CHARACTER.

Of a Changeable disposition.

Sure the Moon had great pre-
 dominance in her birth there's
 such

such a perpetual *ebb* and *flow* of *humour* in her ; so as you may go *twice* into her company, and not *twice* into the same company: She is a *sea* without a North star, and so full of *shifting sands* , as there is no sailing by *Compass* with her, nor without the *Plummet* still in hand: she is all in the extremities without *medium* ; and now 'tis *stormy* , and now *sunshine* with her : Now she's *mer-ry* , now exceeding *sad* ; now *fond*, now *froard* ; now infinitely *obliging*, and as *disobliging* now again. Whence who observes her humour are tired out , and become giddy strait, and she's only safe in it , in that *flattery* knows not where to find her out : Mean time she falls often out with you, and no wonder, for she falls out with her self as oft ; and now affirms a-thing, and strait gives herself the lye ; now does a-thing, and presently is displeased at it ;

ascend-

ascending or contradicting, as shee's either in good or bad *humour* or disposition; and when that is, you must go to a *Cunning woman* to know, for shee's not *cunning woman* enough to know her self; her *humour* being so marr'd by too much humouring. In fine, she's a very *Camelion* or *Proteus* in disposition, changing fashions of minde oftner then the *French* does fashions of body: and did she change *shapes* as often as as she does minds, none would know her, and the *Reason* of all this is (perhaps) only because she does not know her self.

CHARACTER.

Of a Physitian.

BY *sin sickness* first entered in to the world; and by *sickness, death* and the *Physician*. Behold, how some derive his *Pedegree*;

gree; others say that as *Lawyers* engender *Processes* and *laws* abuses, so *Physicians* do *Maladies*. Certain tis, he and *death* are but *Cozen Germans* once removed, and both of the same *Trade* and *occupation* of *killing men*; though the *Physician* escapes (by money and corruption of the *Judge*) and poor *Death* only is condemned for it. Another's Reason why never *Physician* yet held up his hand at the *Bar* for killing *Patient*, is, because the *Crowners* quest have found it *self-murder* in those who take *physick* of them. Certainly they do more harm an good (for all his saying, *That did not Physicians kill men so fast, the world would be so full of them, as ther'd be no living one by another*) for with their purging they but fill the world with *ordures*; and for one *stool* they give a man, they give him twenty *pains*, *diseases* and *molestations*; who say
that

that we must *honour Physicians for necessity* : mean onely, that they are necessary evils, against whom *David* pray'd (infallibly) when he desired to be *delivered from his necessities* ; mean time, as tis said, *necessity has no law*, so would it could be said, that *necessity* had no *Physician* too. But this now, is no ways to be understood of our English *Physicians*, but onely those of other *Nations*, who with their six penny fees, have skill accordingly, whilst ours in with their golden fees have golden skill.

CHARACTER.

Of the Authors Idea, or of a Character.

IT gives you the hint of discourse, but discourses not ; and is that in *mass* and *ingot*, you may *coyn* and *wyer-draw* to infinite ;

nite; tis more *Seneca* than *Cicero*, speaks rather the language of *Oracles* than *Orators*: every line a *sentence*, and every two a *period*. It says not all, but all it says is good; and like an Air in Musick is either full of *clozes*, or still driving toward a *close*: tis no long-winded exercise of spirit, but a forcible one, and therefore soonest out of breath; tis all *matter*, and to the *matter*, and has nothing of *superfluity*, nothing of *circumlocution*; so little comporting with *mediocrity*, as it extols to *Heaven*, or depresses unto *Hell*; having no mid'place for *Purgatory*. Tis that in every sort of writing delighteth most, and though the *Treatise* be gold, it is the *Jewel* still, which the Authour of *Characters*, like your *Lapidary*, produces single, whilst others *Goldsmith*-like inchaſs them in their works. Tis a *Portailſtace*, not only oth' *Body*, but the *Soul* and mind,
Whence

whence it not only delights, but teaches and moves withall, and is a *Sermon* as well as a *Picture* to every one. In fine, tis a short voyage, the *Writer* holds out with equal force, still coming fresh unto his journeys end, whilst in *long ones*, they commonly tire and falter on their way: And to the *Reader* tis a garden, not a journey; or a feast, where by reason of the subjects variety, he is never cloyed, but at each *Character*, as at a new service, falls too with fresh Appetite.

CHARACTER.

Of a Dull-fellow.

HE is the *mute* of the company, and only plays a part in the *Dumb show*; or if he say any thing, like a *Pump*, he labours for it, and presently his *spirits* sink down again, and leave him dry.

He

He sits *nodding* in company, like a *sleepy person* overwatcht; and rouse him with a *question*, and he stares on you, like one newly awaked out of sleep, he looks with his mouth, and thinks you would sell him a bargain, and ask him any thing, and tis impossible to ask him any thing he understands. He may thank God then for making him when he did, for they make no more such *Dunces* now a days; for the *species* when he dies is like to be extinct in him: when if he be saved, it must be contrary to the proceeding of our *Session's*, and rather by his *Ignorance* than by his *Book*. And if he be *bookish* withal, he is yet the greater *Dunce*, being just like a narrow neckt bottle, hastily turn'd downward, upon surprize you can get nothing out of him, and onely premeditation can save him from being begg'd: Whence like a
dull

dull Horse, let him go on his pace, and he advances somewhat, but spur him, and through diffidence of his strength, his wit fails, tongue shuffles, falters, trips, stumbles and falls flat down at last, never arriving to a period. So goes he on plodding his *Dunstable* high-way, till he becomes a famous Schollar at the last: Of such *wood* (or rather *blocky*) they commonly now adays make molt of their great *Doctors* in the *University*.

CHARACTER.

Of a bold abusive Wit.

HE talks madly, *dash, dash,* without any fear at all, and never cares how he *bespatters* others, or *defiles* himself; nor ceases he till he has quite run himself out of breath; when no wonder, if to fools he seems to get the start

start of those who wisely pick out their way, and are as fearful of abusing others as themselves: He has the *Buffoon* priviledge, of saying or doing any thing without exceptions, and he will call a jealous man *Cuckold*, a childe of doubtful birth *Bastard*, and a *Lady* of suspected honor a *Whore*, and they but laugh at it; and all *Scholars* are *Pedants*; and *Physicians*, *Quacks* with him, when to be angry at it is the avowing it. Then in *Ladies* chambers, he will tumble beds, and towse your *Ladies* dress up unto the height, to the hazard of a *Bed-staff* thrown at his head, or rap o're the fingers with a *Busk*, and that is all; only in this he is far worse than the *Buffoon*, since they study to *delight*, this only to *offend*; they to make *merry*, but this onely to make you *mad*, whence wo be t'ye if he discovers any *imperfection* or *fault* in you, for he never findes a
breach

breach but he makes a *hole* of it ; nor a *hole* but he *tugs* at it so long till he tear it quite; giving you for reason of his *incivility*, because (forsooth) it *troubled* you, which would make any civil man cease troubling you. So he wears his *wit* as *Bravo's* do their swords, to mischief and offend others, not as *Gentlemen* to defend themselves; and tis *crime* in him, what is *ornament* in others; be being onely a *wit* at that, at which a good *wit* is a *fool*. Especially he triumphs over your modest men; and when he meets with a *simple body*, passes for a *wit*, but a *wit* indeed makes a *simplician* of him; so goes he persecuting others till some one or other at last (as *chollerick* as he is *abusive*) cudgel him for his pains, when he goes *grumbling* away in a mighty *choler*, saying, *They understand not Jest*, when indeed tis rather *be*.

CHARACTER.

Of a troublesome kindness.

His kindness is as troublesome as others Ceremonies, and his stroakings as painful as others stroaks; he asks ye with a great deal of joy when he sees ye, *whether you be there or no?* and shakes you by the hand till has shak't it out of joynt, telling you twenty times, *he is glad to see you well*; And if he embrace you, and get you in the *bug*, you had as good fall into the hands of a *Cornish Wrestler*: he asks you so often *how you do?* as he makes you doubt whether you be well or no, when indeed 'tis rather his *disease* than yours: He is troublesome at Table, with bidding you *heartily welcome*, and often drinking to you; and being a little tippled he kisses *man, wo-*
man.

man and *childe*, and out-goes all his secrets whispered in your ear: (the shaking by the hand still, in all his kindneses entring as a necessary ingredient) but above all he is most troublesome when you are sick, with his *how d'yees?* and pray be well, so as you would give as much to be rid of his visits, as you are forc'd to give the *Physitian* for his: neither are you quiet when he is absent, but still he writes unto you, and his Letters are fill'd with commendations, till they run over the margin; and he be forced to end with *my paper will give me leave to write no more*. In fine, his kindness is rather that of children than of a friend; rather out of weakness than judgement; more insincere than sweet, clearly demonstrating that one may far sooner be clog'd with such slight junkets, than with more solid food.

CHARACTER

Of a Jansonist.

A *Jansonist* is a new name for an *Heretick*, and the first *Heretick* that ever was *Catholick*: Let us imagine then (to please the *Mollenists*) your *Jansonists* condemned for *Hereticks* at *Rome*, by the *Pope ex Cathedra*, with all his *Cardinals*, and the *Jesuits* making *Bonfires* for joy. Then more to increase their joy and *Bonfires*, let us imagine them again burnt for *French Hugonots* in *Spain*, the *Jesuits* (of their wonted charity) assisting them to the fire, and exhorting them to die penitent; which they refuse (like obstinate *Hereticks* as they are) accusing the *Jesuits* violent wrestling their *Propositions* to *Heresie*, which were *Catholick* enough before, telling them, 'They take their mea-

' measures of Catholick or Here-
 ' tick, as they are contrary, or
 ' according to their *dogmas* and
 ' principles; and for their condem-
 ' nation, say that they are rather
 ' *unfortunate* than *criminal*, and
 ' that oftentimes the sentence may
 ' be just, and yet the person con-
 ' demned innocent. After which
 return we to *France*, and imagine
 the horrible bustle that is there:
 The *Gallicane Church*, not admit-
 ting their *ipse dixit*, so easily and
 absolutely without distinction as
 the rest do in *Spain* and *Italy*, &c.
 but there the *Jansenists* struggle
 with the *Molinists* still, and write
 divers pernicious Books against
 them; amongst the rest, one late-
 ly entituled the *Provincials*, ma-
 king a terrible combustion (con-
 futed by the *Hang-man*, who
 publickly burned it.) They
 springing up as fast as *Hydrae* eve-
 very day, whilst the *Jesuits* quell
 them as fast, like *Hercules* with
 his

his *Club*; for which finally they triumph, representing Father *Arnault* with all the Ring-leaders of the *Jansenists* blown up like *Crackers* in a *Puppet Play*, and all their followers at noise and hubbub of it, running away like frightened dogs with bottles of excommunication at their tails, with all the Jesuits Scholars houting after them, and all those of different Religions in other Nations, making their sport at it, notwithstanding all which, *Jansenius* may be a very honest man.

CHARACTER.

Of a certain Noble-man.

HIS Dignity at home, is double the same stile abroad, and mind and person answerable to his dignity: his titles become him as they were made for him, and he shews greater the higher he is

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in place. He *blazons* his Arms by *vertues*, not *colours*, and his *Pedigree* that's but boast with others, is but *Chronicle* with him: He remembers his *Ancestors* more to their praise than his own, and suffers them to get the start of him in nothing but *priority* of time; he is great, not *swoln*, high, not *lofty*, humble, not *stooping*, raising his *inferiours* up to him, without abasing himself to them, (this being an act of weakness, that of *power*.) In fine, he swells not with speaking big, but is courteous and affable to all, holding courtesie so main an ornament of *Nobility*, as that *Nobleman* (he imagines) disguises but himself, and puts on *Peasants* cloathing, who is discourteous; above all, he holds loyalty so essential to a *Nobleman*, as who proves *disloyal* once (he imagines) not only degrades himself, but even his *posterity* of their *Nobility*.

CHA

CHARACTER.

Of another.

HE is merry and facecious, dispatching more business with dallying and trifling, than others with all their plodding and seriousness; and his grimaces are worth all their supercilious gravity: he is your only universal Courtier, belov'd of all, and no wonder, for he has kindred and alliance with every one, calling one Father, another Son; one Mother, another Wife, giving the younger the aged title still, and the old the younger, to be more facecious, and endear himself the more: He has nothing in him of Saturnine and Tetrical, but is all pleasant and jovial, wiping from old age all the blemishes and imputations cast upon't by time; and smoothing all the wrinkles

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of

of the mind, which commonly accompany the wrinkles of the face; nature being so fearful he should ever grow wholly old; as it gives him a youthful mind in an aged body still, so whilst he enters singing, and goes out dancing in all companies where he comes, he chases melancholy so far away, as it can never return so long as he's in place.

CHARACTER.

Of a horrible wicked and debauched person.

HE is all over guilty, whilst others are but parcel guilt, his words, actions, cogitations and all; his mind is a room all hung with *Aritine* Pictures, and the Contemplation of them is all his Devotion. He is so excellent a Chymist, as he can extract Bawdry out of any thing; and makes Cato
 speak

speak it, nay *Solomon* and *David*
 too: He ne're sees woman, but
 he lusts her, strips her naked, and
 enjoys her strait in *imagination*;
 when he *Fathers* the *Children* of
 it upon himself, nor thinks he it
 dishonour to bely the honour
 of any one. Every thing with
 him is incentive unto *Lust*; and
 every woman *Devil* enough to
 tempt him to't; silk-gowns and
wastcoteirs all alike, he playing
 at women just as he does at *Cards*,
 where every suit in their turns
 is turn'd up *Trump*; he watches
Wenchers just as *Tumblers* do *Rab-*
bets, ready still to throw him-
 self *Corps perdu* after them;
 whence he has more diseases than
 an *Hospital*, of which he lies in
 every spring and fall, when his
 sweat is a curse of his own, not
Adams sin: Mean time his word
 is a merry life and a short; and I
 know not how merry 'tis, but I'm

sure 'tis short enough ; he consuming just like a Candle on both ends, betwixt *Wine* and *Women*, without which he holds there is no pleasure in this world ; and for the other he would fain be *Atbeist*, and believe there is none at all, whilst his *manners* and *ignorance* supply his want of *Faith* : for he lives like one, and knows no soul he has, repents more the omitting an evil action, than any *Saint* would the committing it : His discourse is all *oaths*, and his *oaths* are all his prayers (he never but in them remembring God :) he laughs at *Heaven*, and imagines *Hell* only a pretty Winter Par-
lour, thinks *Godliness* and *Religion* but folly and hypocrisie ; and finally, for the narrow way to Paradise, knows no other but the common road to *Maiden-head*.

CHARACTER.
Of a Natural Beauty.

WHether a chearful air does rise,
And elevate her fairer Eyes,
Or a pensive Melancholy;
Her lovely Eye-lids does depress,
Still the same becoming Grace
Accompanies her Eyes and Face;
Still you'd think that habit best,
In which her Count'nance last was dress'd.
Poor Beauties! whom a blush or glance
Can sometimes make look fair by chance,
Or curious dress, or artful care,
Can make seem fairer than they are,
Give me the eyes, give me the face,
To which no Art can add a Grace:
Give me the looks, no garbe nor dress,
Can ever make more fair or less.

APPENDIX.

Of an Artificial Beauty.

AN *Artificial Beauty*, lives poorly by shifting and borrowing, whilst your natural one is rich and lives on its own revenues, she is a living Picture of her self, of which she is only the priming cloath, or rather a loam wall plaistered and dawbed o're; for she imployes the *Trowel* rather than *Pencil*, and her painting is so palpable, as if she sought not colour to hide it, but rather to publish it: She is alwayes complaining now of a *cold*; now that she sleeps not well a nights, that you may impute her ill looks unto that accident: She is more troubled with her mouches or flies, than a gald horse in summer, now giving this a remove,
now

now a dab with the finger, as if she were killing that; and ever and anon her glass goes out, to see if nothing needs reparation, it being so fragile a tenement, as the very Sun and air decays it, whence she is so fearful of every breath, that we may well say of her, that her *colluctation* is *against the spirits of the air*: Mean time, she is as dexterous at the *Fan* as a Butcher at the *Fly-flap*, or Fencer on my Lords *Mayers* day, at the two handed sword: and but imagine how apprehensive she must be of the fire of the other world, when she apprehends so much the fire of this: to which she dares not approach, nor so much as laugh for fear of warping her complexion, so it alters her humour, as well as her feature, and renders her so diffident of her self, as she is still seeking out dark corners, to vent her false and counterfeit visage, as false

coyners and *cousening Tradesmen* to put off their false money and counterfeit Merchandize; She having only this advantage by it, that no shame can make her blush, nor sickness pale. If it be an advantage to become wholly shameless, and have a face, any sick bodies may be as fair as hers.

CHARACTER.
Of a Petty-Politick.

Petty-policy, is only *wisdom* distemper'd into *Craft*, and who use it may well be stiled *crafty*, but never *wise*. 'Tis to Policy of State, as peddling to Merchandizing, or rather as Mouse-traps and Tinder-boxes to *Archimedes* Glasses of firing Navies, and *Cæsars* machins of expugning Towns; never great spirit used it, nor great action was done by it yet; and all the advantage it has,

has, it rather steals than gains. It pieces not out the *Lions skin* with the *Foxes tail*, but is all *Fox skin*, and even stinks again. It ever walks vizarded, and you can never know its true face, but may alwayes know that it is false; like the *Gordian knot* it amuses and puzzles you, and may be cut far sooner than untied: Mean time who use it, may well be stiled Politicks in *decimo sexto*, and are to State-Politicians, as Apes to men, more full of tricks and quirks than they, and nothing else; or like your lesser Wheels, which seem to whirl faster about than great ones, though their progress be far less: In fine, 'tis treachery in fight, perfidiousness in Love, couzenage in Gaming, deceit in bargaining; and whosoever use it, in plain English is a *Knave*, though the qualifying terms be a *Politician*.

CHA-

CHARACTER.

Of a home-bred Country Gentleman.

His Cloaths are more gawdy than fashionable, and his Face more out of fashion than his cloaths: He knows not how to look in company, and is shame-fac'd, and yet impudent; either at armsend with you, or in your bosom presently: a Spaniel-like stroak him, and he leaps into your lap, if not, he snarls and offersto bite at you. His chiefest discourse is of Hawks & ~~hounds~~, and he will tell Ladies ~~what~~ a fine Horse he has: He is never at so high a flow of talk, as after a Horse-race, and then it ebs by degrees until the next again: He drinks, and 'tis Gentleman like when he is drunk with Wine, but he's such a Clown, as he'll
be

be drunk with Beer ; when he fumes and vapours it most fearfully. For weaching 'tis the innocentest vice he has, for he's too miserable to go to the charges of silk Gowns, and Wastecoats for fear of Trapping he dare not venture on: Mean time, his man *John* and he have many a dry dialogue about his marriage, and he waits on Ladies with fear and trembling, at the horrible charges and expences they may put him to, being never willing at more than a bottle of Ale, or a pound of Cherries at a time ; and for *Hide-Park*, *Spring-garden*, and the *New Exchange*, he abhors the very name of them, so unless he have a good Estate, 'tis long enough ere he get a wife in Town, and if he have, twenty to one but some wife at last gets him, whom he posts down as soon as may be, preaches good Housewifery unto her, has some
new

new Religion preached unto him, with which he edifies and gets children apace, and becomes a very *Cormudgion* in the Country.

C H A R A C T E R.

Of a common Acquaintance.

HE wears out his bosom with embracing every one, and dirties his *palm* with shaking them by the hand; like a *Spaniel* he fawns upon every one he meets, & will needs know you whether you will or no; he smiles on you, if you but look on him, and smile on him, and the acquaintance strait is made; his familiarity like engines of great swings clasps easily, but without much violence can't be unclapst again: He picks acquaintance out of every Face he has but seen *once* before, and calls every one he has but seen
twice

twice a friend; after which follows kindred and affinity, he having more Cousens than *Will Summers* had, and they are much as neer kin as *Pach* and he. In fine, his plurality of acquaintance is but a *Seraglio*, or wild Concubinage, whilst your friend only marries himself to one, and the Appetite of them is a disease in him, much like that of the Wolf, which makes him eat and ravine up every one, not knowing how of all surfeits that of Acquaintance is the worst, and they make themselves by it so common, cheap and contemptible, as any man that's wise, had as lieve be the hundreth man in an Intail, as the fiftieth man in their acquaintances.

CHA-

CAARACTER.
Of a young Envoy.

IF you would deceive him tell him *truth*, and believe what he says, if you would deceive your self; for he thinks he has publick faith enough, without needing any particular of his own: He is as intoxicate with his instructions, as a *Scotch Presbyterian* with reading the *Apocalyps*, and makes mists and mysteries of State of every thing; he thinks he onely understands the politicke *Wheels* within, whilst the rest, like dull *Gazers* onely behold the *Dyals* band without, for want of experience to know what to keep *secret*, and what not; he makes a *secret* of every thing, and not to be *catcht* lies still upon the *catch*: so till he grow up to a greater State-engine:

eugine: he is but a politique
Muse-trap yet: at the receipt of
 good news, he wearies out him-
 self and horses with giving advice
 of it; but at bad he is hush, and
 he and his horses rest; only his
 brains labours how to extenuate
 it, deny it, or turn the ill report
 upon the enemy, till the shame
 and novelty be over, which
 quaintly done, he gets more
 reputation by lying, then ever
 any got by telling truth: So re-
 turns he at last with reputation of
 a great Minister, making Religion
 serve to *State*, and *State* to all de-
 structive purposes, when his salva-
 tion may well be dispaired of,
 or finding his conduct of Affairs
 traduced at his return: In midst
 of the disgraces of *Fortune* and
 the *Court*, he may chance be
 sav'd at last, and dye Repen-
 tant, with this saying of *Wool-*
sey in his mouth, *That had he*
served God but half as faithfully as
he

he did his Prince, he had never come to that.

CHARACTER.

Of a degenerate Lord.

HE is a certain silly thing, who since he had no voice in Parliament, scarcely knows what to say: He has made the name of Lord a mock name now, and almost as ridiculous as that of Lord of misrule was in ancient times, and they shun him as they do, *Lord have mercy upon us, upon doors, and that deservedly*; for he has brought a plague upon himself, in imagining he should be any thing, whilst they were nothing, who made him all he is; as if the Stars should conspire to deprive the Sun of light, or streams to dry up the fountain, whence they flow'd; when who would pity them to see every farthing

farthing Candle, or *Glow-worm* out-shine the one, and t'others *swoln* greatness at so low an *ebb*, as those boldly stride over it now, who before even trembled at the approach of it: Mean time he sneaks in his Title, like one in a stoln cloak, afraid to be seen in it; and none takes notice of him now, unless some one in scorn perhaps points at him, and sayes, *there goes a Lord*, or jostles him a purpose, who was wont in former times like *Mandarions*, to make whole streets retire to give him way: All the priviledge of such *Peers* as these, being only to have every base fellow without commission search their house, every *Tradesman* cite them before their *Worships* at the next *shire Town*, and the common *Serjeant* drag them away to prison, where they are honourably lodg'd in the *Dungeon*, whilst every *Rug-gown* and *Apron-man*, has pri-

priviledge to be Coacht thither, and lodg'd in the *Rules* or *Master-sides*: and this fine prerogative they have got, would needs pluck down the *King* (forsooth) only to be promoted to the *Kings-bench* themselves.

CHARACTER.

Of a high-spirited man.

His minde is a thought higher than any other mans, and has influence even on his *body*, and elevates that withall; whence he walks on *Terrasses*, rather then on the ground, and should more scorn to be seen in *plebean* company, than in *plebean* cloathing; nor can any look so high, but he'el borrow *Galileas* optique, or he'el look as high as they; and a look, a squint is a *fascination*, makes him look a squint as far the other way: he

he is like a glass that renders every one the same countenance as they give him, and except God and his Prince can sovereignly dispose of soul and body, he cares for offending none, who first offendeth him. He is more angry with himself than you, when you answer not his salutation, and next time he meets ye, be sure he'll not answer yours: being as impatient when you undervalue him, as a proud City Dame, when you underbid her Ware: and sooner stir'd up to disdain by a neglect than any chollerick man to anger by offence; so 'tis hard putting an affront on him, but they shall seem to have receiv'd one who offered it: yet he's more singular than proud, and though he knows his degrees of persons, knows himself so well withal, he will converse with no subject but on equal terms, counts none greater
that

that has a lesser mind than he :
Loves Nobility not for their Titles,
but their persons, and can only smile on Princes ; as for the rest,
he is civil and courteous, and that is all.

CHARACTER.

Of a Proud Woman.

She has as much in her of the Countesship, as would have served six of Queen Elizabeths Countesses, with their Coachmen and Foot-men bare, their Cup-bearer serving them on the Knee, and women waiting about their Canopy of State : Yet is she nor Countess, nor Lady neither, but only of pleasure, and at courtesie of the Country : She looks high and speaks in a Majestick Tone, like one playing the Queens part at the Bull, and is ready to say, Bless ye my good people

ple all, as often as she passes by any company; though she stirs no more when they do her *Reverence*, than if she had with't, *would I might never stir*, and 'twere a curse laid on her; she *paints* to hide her *Age*, and to hide her *painting* dares not laugh, whence she has two counterfeit *vizards* to put off a nights; her *painting* and *modest*, when she lies with her own *face*, though not with her own *Husband*; Mean time, her *froid mine* or stately demeanour, is variously censured, some saying 'tis for want of *wit*, others that she spends so many spirits a *nights*, it makes her the more dull a *dayes*: some that she's founding an *Order* of undisparaged *Concubines*, and 'tis the *modest habit* they are to be cloathed in: others again, that she's like your *Tradeswomen*, who when they have custom enough, are proud and disdainful, and must be sued to for their
Ware;

Ware; whilst those who want it, are forced to sue to you. In fine, all accord in this, that she is more coy than becomes any honest woman, and all she's like to get by her *pride* and *stateliness*; is that whensoever there is a Parliament of *Courtesans*, she should not be for the *Commons*, but the House of *Lords*.

CHARACTER.

Of a low spirited man.

HE is low born, and never seeks to raise himself higher than his birth; nor is this *content* or *humility* in him, but *stubb* and *baseness*: his *soul* lives in a *cellar*; and all his words and actions, even to his very apparel favours of under breeding. The sensiblest displeasure you can do him is to his *Body*; and he is more troubled at loss of money, than reputation:

tation: he slinks in company, and plays at *Bee peep* behind the rest, being such a friend of *obscurity*; as you cannot do him a greater displeasure, than to take no notice of him in company. Like the sensible tree, he contracts and shrinks up himself at every little touch; and look on him, and you daunt him, and strike his eyes inward strait; and his words congeal in his mouth through fear, and want breath still to finish a period: his language too is as low as the rest; whilst he calls a *valiant man* a *Kill-Cow*, a *jest*, a *frump*, and urge him to make haste, and he will tell ye, he is none of the *Hastings'es*: for the rest, he speaks of every thing in the superlative, shewing the littleness of his mind; by counting all things so great: so lives he, thinking, saying and doing nothing but mean things, in mean company, and mean condition all

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his life, having neither *vertue* nor *vice* enough to raise himself above the common sort; whence where you left him at his *birth*, there you finde him at his *death*, without making any progress in the world at all: so many years having rather past over him, than he past over so many years, being onely able to render this account when he comes to die, that he was just as long a dying as he did live.

CHARACTER.

Of a petty French Lutenist in England.

HE is a fellow that comes into England with an ill *meen*, and thread-bare cloaths, and there presently sets up a Court of Judicature, arraigning both *Musick*, *Instruments* and *Musicians*, for not being *a la mode de France*;

France ; the twelve Ranks of strings o'th' Lute, the double neck, the lessons, the method of playing, and almost the hands too, for not being *mangie* about the wrists like his: he belies great Masters, and teaches but his own imperfections: And if his fingers be so weak, they can scarce crawl o're a Lute, then to play gently and softly is the *mode*, and *loucement* is the word: and if so gouty and child-blaind, as he rakes the strings worse than if they were grated on by a ragged staff then *fort* and *Galliard* is the word, and strong and lusty is the *mode* agen; and if you like not his play, he tells ye at least, that he has the onely new method of *Paris*, and that he teaches a *ravir* and *non pareille*, and for his lessons (which he has rakt out of *Gualters* dung-hil, or collected from the privy-house of *Defaut*) he keeps them as precious relicks,

giving such out for new, as were made before the *Avignon* or the *Popes* coming there: He is sawning where he is a stranger, and saucy where he is a familiar, having ever some vice to teach besides his art, In fine, he is the *Mountebank* of himself, and though he have nothing at all considerable to commend him, besides his own praises, and his being *French* (for which reason one may commend the *Pox* as well) yet there is such a charm in this word, *a la mode*, and the English are so besotted with it, as the first *Frenchman* has their money, who proffers to teach it them; nor will this ever be remedied, till some such zealous patriot step up, as he who hearing them talk of the *French Pox*, bid them call it the *English* with a *pox*, swearing we had as good of our own, as the *French* had any.

CHARACTER:

Of a Flatterer.

HE is a mid sort of Animal betwixt *man* and *beast*; with the manners of *beast*, under the resemblance of a *man*: nay, he is a compound of all base wild *beasts* together, a *Dog* in fawning, an *Ape* in imitating, a *Fox* in faining and dissembling, and an *Ass* in suffering and bearing every thing: He is so base as he makes not onely servitude his daily food, but even the ordurers of those he serves: and is worse then those who sell themselves unto the Gally's, for they yet perform the Offices of men, and have their minds free though their bodies thrale; but he enslaves both mind and body too; and can neither look with the assurance, nor speak with the confidence of a Free-born man: making a vilder merchant-

chandise the whilst, than he who sold *Urine*, or the *Palace smoak*, for he for slight benefits sels his own Injuries, and to live a slave sells the dignity of an honest man; neither do they make better merchandise who purchase him, who whilst he soothes their humours, corrupts their manners, and flatters them into vice: being so infectious, as even to render those he flatters, Arch-flatterers of themselves, with his wilde arts; like those who angle with intoxicating baits, catching them sooner (tis true) but rendering them nothing worth when they are caught: we may conclude then the prayer of him who of all *wilde beasts* desired to be delivered from a Tyrant, and of all tame from a Flatterer, with this curse on the Flatterer, That he may never live but under Tyrants, it being but just, that they should suffer the pain and penalty.

nalty of their being such, who make them so.

CHARACTER.

Of a fair and vertuous Lady.

She is the honour of her sex,
and that to beauty, as beauty
is to others, all grace and orna-
ment; her virtue like a charm ren-
dring her beauty invulnerable a-
gainst malicious tongues; and that
which in others is fragile and of
glass, so malleable in her as it can
neither be broke nor crackt, whence
she onely has priviledge freely
to dress herself without suspici-
on of harm; and enjoy all law-
ful pleasures without danger of
unlawful ones; whilst all is
suspicious and dangerous in o-
thers: to conclude then as anci-
ently your *semi gods* in marrying
with mortals communicated to
them their divinity, so her

beauty by the marriage of sacred vertue, is consecrate and rendered all celestial and divine; those titles which others incuriously usurp, only of right appertaining unto her, who becomes more venerable by age and immortal by death itself, her virtue having raised her above time and mortality.

CHARACTER.

Of a quarrellsome Coxcomb.

HE differs as much from a valiant man, as a wrangling Sophister from a great Scholar, or dull rumbling thunder in a cloud, from your quick one, that breaketh forth in storms; he is ready to give you the lye before you speak, and then contradicts you what e're you say, when to avoid fighting, he tells you how often he has fought, and how many

many he has killed, and some believe him, because indeed they could never see any alive whom he had fought withal, though others are of a contrary opinion, saying of *al men* living, they would chuse to be kil'd by him, for so *they* should be sure to be still *alives*. He speaks all Sword, Rapier, and Poynard, and understands nothing but Cudgel and Bastinado, which he so richly merits, as besides Canes none but would rather want *wood* to burn, than for so necessary use a beating him, when he is quiet strait, for though he be his Angers slave, Fear matters it: and 'tis just like a Nettle, handle it gently and it pricks you, but roughly and you break the point of it, after which, as before he was the fools valiant man, he becomes the valiant mans fool, and by degrees every ones, when once they find him out; yet retains he somewhat of his former nature.

nature still, a dull grumbling and wrangling, (that is, half quarrelling) which makes him when he is offended in any company, go muttering away, saying, *He cares no more for them than they care for him* : which if so, he is the happiest man alive, for I know none lives freer from care than he.

CHARACTER.

Of a Complementer.

YOur Complementer is a French family, that came not in with the Conquest, but the corruption of England, unknown unto our honest Ancestors, who did they said, and spoke as they meant ; he is the rack of conversation, and sets every ones joints a stretching : And in France he derives his Pedigree from an *accomply menteur*, or an accomplished lyer ; for

complement is worse than equivocation, since that has alwayes some mental reservation or lurking hole for truth, but this has none. 'Tis the language of *Hyperboly*, and sometimes of *Irony*; 'tis the language of the Court, where meaning walks for pomp and shew, with a long train of words; and that the Courtier uses to bob off Suiters, or bob for those they are Suiters too: In a word, 'tis the language of the *Idle* for to delight the *vain*, and but a speaking ceremony, as ceremony is but a dumb complement; whence our new reformers hate it so much perhaps, as they have changed the stile into as much defect of Civility, as t'other was in the excess, they being saln now upon such a vain of clownishness (or I may say) not bluntness, but churlishness, not of plain dealing, but of plain devillishness, as if they hold on as they begin,
pray

pray God we do not wish for one complementing days again, as far the better extremity of the two.

CHARACTER.

Of a young Enamourist.

HE's one who as soon as he has quitted his School-boys Toys, next Toy he gets is a Mrs. when 'twould make you forswear *Love* to see how ridiculously he makes it, and to hear him talk of Gods and Goddesses, you would take him for some Pagan never converted to Christianity. There is nothing so cold as to hear him talk of Flames, nor so dull as his discourting of *Cupids* darts, and to hear him sigh like a dry Pump, or broken winded bellows; you would ne're wonder at *Lapland Witches* affording winds so cheap. Of all servants he is the necessariest and easiest to content
and

and feed, for he is his Mrs. Squire, Dispenser, Laquy or Messenger, but above all her Fool, to which he is bound by the Proverb; *'Tis impossible to love and be wise*: Mean time, you may feed him cheaper than a Chamelion, for a good look serves him a week at least, and he is prouder of holding his Mrs. Busk or Fan, then a School-boy with a Scepter in his hand, playing the Emperors part ith School; to keep him to which, his Mrs. lets him know that 'tis with Love as 'tis with War, which once declared you are to expect nothing but *Hostility*; and knows her self, that 'tis with Lovers as 'tis with Anglers, who feed the Fish e're they are caught; but caught once feed on them: whence she bites not greedily at the bait, but craftily tolls him on with hopes, & like Rope-makers goes backwards still, the better to advance her work, & draw him on,
mean

mean while he follows her so long, till either he wax weary and ceases his pursuit, or catches her tripping, and then falls down on her, when fastning her in the marriage nooz, he carries her away, and either turns kind *Cuckold*, and keeps open house for all, or jealous *Coxcomb*, and shuts his doors against every one.

THE



The CONTENTS.

1. **O**F a Lady of excellent conversation. page 1
- 2 Of one that is the foyle of good conversation, 4
- 3 Of an excellent Companion, 6
- 4 Of one that Zany's the good Companion, 9
- 5 Of one that Imitates the good companion another way, 11
- 6 Of an irresolute Person, 13
- 7 Of a fantastick Lady, 15
- 8 Of a Green-sickness Girle, 17
- 9 Of a talkative Lady, 19
- 10 Of a Taciturn Person, 22
- 11 Of a Dutch Waggoner, 24
- 12 Of a huge over-valuer of himself, 26
- 13 Of

Contents.

13	Of an ordinary French Laquey	28
14	Of a suspicious Person,	31
15	Of Gallerie,	33
16	Of one who troubles herself with any thing,	35
17	Of one who troubles himself with nothing,	38
18	Of a Chamber maid,	42
19	Of a Noblemans Chaplaine,	44
20	Of an impertinent Governant,	47
21	Of a Shool of young Gentle- women,	49
22	Of a Novice,	52
23	Of a Fille devote,	54
24	Of an imitable Widow,	56
25	Of a more imitable Widow,	58
26	Of a Fifth Monarchy man,	60
27	Of an importunate visitant,	62
28	Of a French Dancing-Master in England,	65
29	Of your Town talkers,	68
30	Of a valiant man,	70
31	Of a proud man	71
32	Of an all-admirable person,	73
	33 Of	

Contents.

33	Of a gallant Warriour,	76
34	Of a miserable old Gentlewoman,	78
35	Of a Ladies little Dog,	81
36	Of your Ladies Colonel,	83
37	Of a School-Boy,	85
38	Of one that shall be nameless,	87
39	Of a pretty sweet Innocence,	89
40	Of a scrupulous Honour,	91
41	Of a Fleerer,	93
42	Of a Make-bate,	95
43	Du Tour a la mode,	97
44	Of a changeable disposition,	98
45	Of a Physician	100
46	Of the Authors Idea, or of a Character	102
47	Of a dull Fellow	104
48	Of a bold abusive wit	106
49	Of a troublesome kindness,	109
50	Of a Jansenist	111
51	Of a certain Nobleman	113
52	Of another	115
53	Of a horrible wicked and debonest person	116
54	Of a natural Beauty	119
55	Of an artificial Beauty,	120
	46 Of	

- 56 Of a petty Politique, 122
57 Of a homebred Country Gentleman, 124
58 Of a common Acquaintance, 126
59 Of a young Envoy, 128
60 Of a degenerate Lord, 130
61 Of a high-spirited man, 132
62 Of a proud one, 134
63 Of a low spirited man 136
64 Of a petty French Lutenist 128
65 Of a Flatterer, 141
66 Of a fair & virtuous Lady 143
67 Of a quarrelsome Coxcomb, 144
68 Of a Complementer, 146
69 Of a young Enamorist. 148
-

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